Vol. CXLIII. No. 1858.

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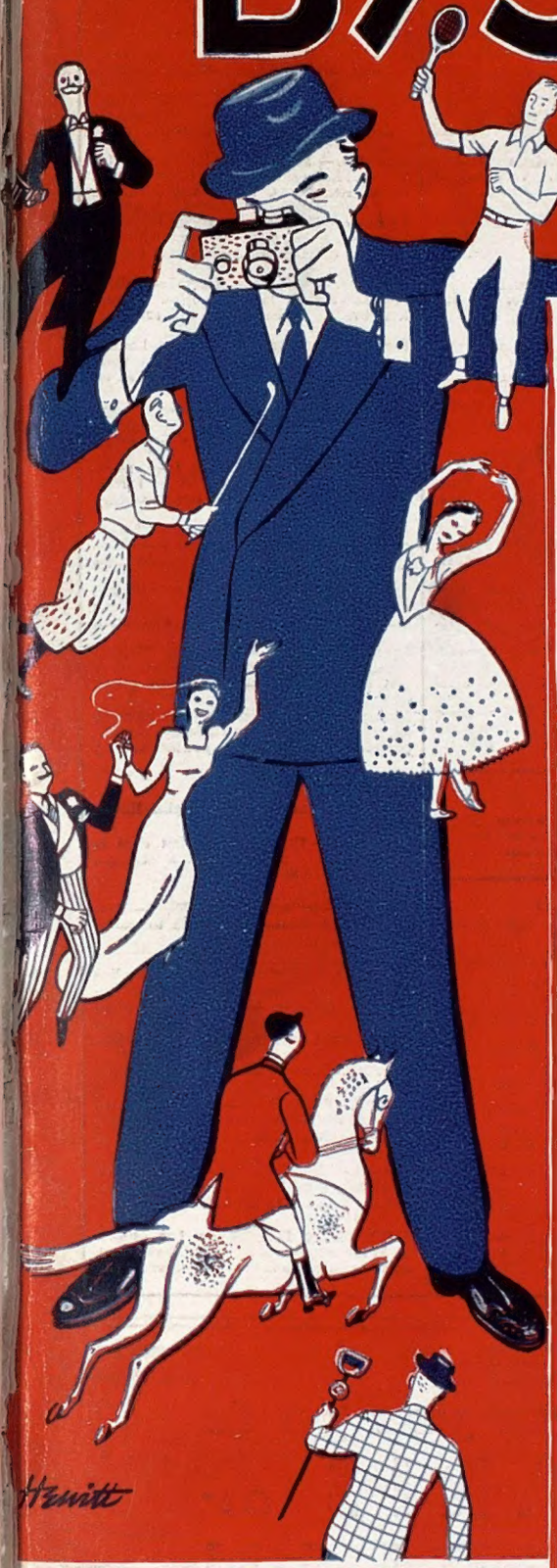
THE BYSTANDER July 12, 1939

The BYSTANDER



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No. 1856. Vol. CXLIII.

The Bystander

Anna Neagle in Hollywood

Anna Neagle, world-famous as the film Queen Victoria, went to Hollywood to impersonate another world-famous character in *Nurse Edith Cavell*. Herbert Wilcox went too, to direct Miss Neagle in her Hollywood debut. The film, now completed, was made by a new Anglo-American unit, Imperadio, of which Herbert Wilcox is a director. This picture of Anna Neagle shows her, with her hair up, in a "cocktail gown" she designed before leaving England and wore for her Press reception when she arrived out West. She and Mr. Wilcox are expected home shortly, and then they are going to work on a Bonny Prince Charlie story, with Flora Macdonald for Miss Neagle

Ballet—Success and Failure

By Arnold L. Haskell

CERTAIN ballets succeed on their music and choregraphy; the décor gives them a final perfection. Others demand the support of fine costumes and scenery. They are spectacles rather than complete works of art, but there is room in a repertoire for a spectacle from time to time, although this was never the policy of the Russian Ballet in its grand, creative days.

Unfortunately, the first thing we notice about *Paganini* is the total failure of costumes and scenery. Not only do they add nothing, but they actively detract from the choregraphy, underlining its weak points. They are oversweet, inharmonious in colour, awkward in shape, and invariably banal. Those girls with their black tights painted as skeletons have certainly been seen at Maskelyne and Cook's before the war. I can see not the slightest excuse for such a failure. Great painters may be rare, but there *are* others.

OBVIOUSLY Fokine, apart from having proved himself a great artist and a pioneer, is a master craftsman and a first-class theatrical producer. In *Paganini* there are high lights, notably an inspired dance for Riabouchinska, but the rest is production. We are a little tired of romanticism; of poets or musicians sitting at tables, of spooks and spirits. We have had *Apparitions, Don Juan, La Bienaimée, The Legend of Cracow,* and *Symphonie Fantastique.* In any case, Fokine himself showed us the pure essence of romanticism in *Les Sylphides,* with none of the property man's paraphernalia, with no grinning skulls tossed from hand to hand, or lighted violins; yes, lighted violins.

There is much the same theme as in *Symphonie Fantastique,* the struggle between good and evil for a man's soul, and comparison becomes inevitable. Massine's pattern is as rich as a painting of Jerome Bosch; this is from a Victorian keepsake. Massine's powers of evil are subtle; here it is just a struggle from right to left, left to right. The final apotheosis is so obvious that it has a kind of beauty and gives one all the pleasure of turning up a favourite illustration in a forgotten nursery-book. How dramatic Fokine can be and how subtle when it is *Petrouchka* who finds his soul. . . . In *Paganini* there are just the stock tricks in the repertoire of a master. If such romanticism must find expression, I would rather by far have *The Haunted Ballroom,* a ballet I dislike, on account of its greater consistency and for the fact that its dressing makes it into a true spectacle. *Paganini* could have been twice as effective with the intervention of such a master of taste as Alexandre Benois; Bérard could have given it grandeur. It cried out for an artist to disguise its banality.

THE interpretation was splendid. Riabouchinska excelled in one of the best conceived roles of her career. How convincingly she can now act! Her mime is a part of her dancing, infinitely musical and spontaneous. Baronova did well with a role that even she could not illuminate. She showed her own fine form later in *Le Coq d'Or,* a magnificent spectacle, if ever there was. Grigorieva was also good in a role that had not great attraction. Rostoff's Paganini is a strong figure that carries out the character conceived by the libretto. All danced well in difficult costumes, and the lighting performed miracles of tact.

In all justice I must record in no uncertain terms that it was not only a success, but the success of years. An enthusiastic audience lapped it up, skulls, skeletons, angels, demons and even the box of chocolates background, which was treated to a round of applause on its own.

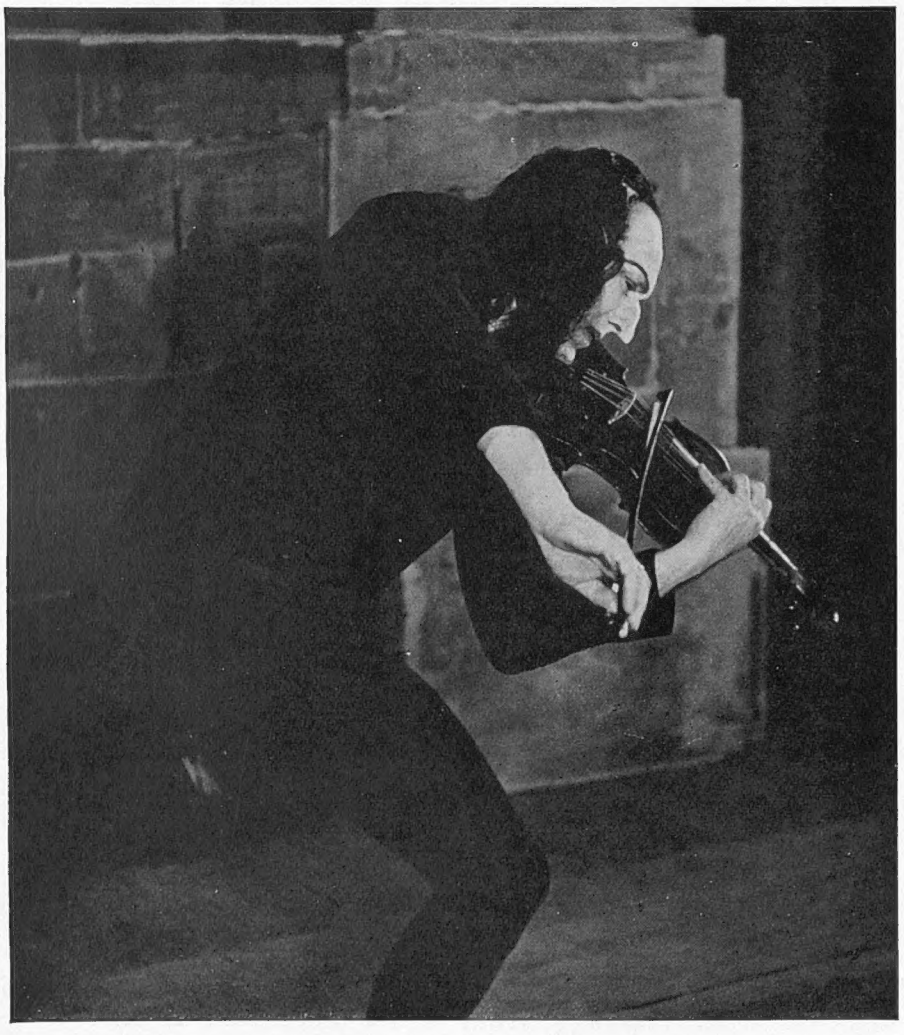
Partly the music accounted for this. It is eminently suited to ballet, though in spite of Rachmaninoff's collaboration I find it does not wholly express the atmosphere.

I WISH my friends well, but there is something depressing in the overwhelming success of a work in a style already so much better represented in the same repertoire. The public that applauded this so feverishly gave a very restrained welcome to a work of real importance—*Le Fils Prodigue.* In spite of certain faults, this was an attempt at expressing something different: it was strong, it had a character and a personality of its own.

I WOULD now almost welcome an orgy of ugliness in order to bring back the public taste to ballet with character and originality. If ballet is to be just an easy avenue of escape, it will soon sink back to the level of the Empire and Alhambra days, and Diaghileff will have lived in vain. Perhaps I was wrong in my strong condemnation of the Massine-Hindemith *Noble Visions.* I disliked it, but at any rate it had something to express. It would be interesting to see it immediately after *Paganini.*

Meanwhile the general level of the dancing continues to improve, and no choregrapher could wish for a finer instrument. Let us hope it will be used wisely. It has already developed Lichine. I suggest that Verchinina be given a chance. She has already devised ballets in America; she has created interesting dances for herself and she has ideas that deserve a hearing. She is too valuable a personality to be kept for a few performances.

The Ballet to live must experiment from time to time; soon even those who applaud *Paganini* may grow weary.



Anthony

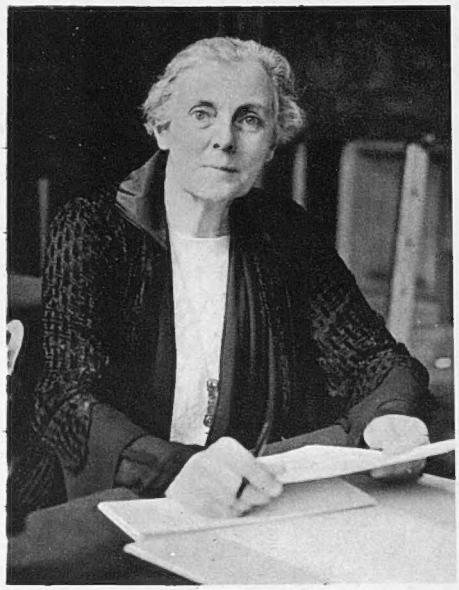
"Incomparable Master of the Divine Art of Sound"

A study of Dimitri Rostoff in the name-part of "Paganini," Fokine's new ballet to Rachmaninoff music, discussed in Mr. Haskell's article, and of which more pictures are on pp. 60-61

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Noel Coward Presents . . . .

Last Friday Noel Coward left for Warsaw and Danzig, and he will go on to Russia, Finland and Scandinavia. The first two places seem an odd choice for a holiday, but rumours of his interest in politics have been persistent. Before leaving he had announced his plans for the near future, and London theatregoers will witness their materialisation at the Phœnix Theatre in mid-October. He will present two plays on alternate nights—one, a typical Coward comedy, *Sweet Sorrow*, in which he will take the part of an actor; the other, *This Happy Breed*—a serious play concerning a working-class family living in Clapham. In both plays he is a man of forty. Mr. Coward himself will be forty on December 16th. Theatre will not be Coward's sole offering, for Heinemann's are soon to publish a volume of short stories. It will not be Coward's first essay in short-story writing; he was forced to re-write unproduced plays in this medium during his first visit to New York, and he did it to keep himself from starvation. This picture was taken in his Gerald Road house. The bronze beside him is a fine portrait bust by Clemence Dane

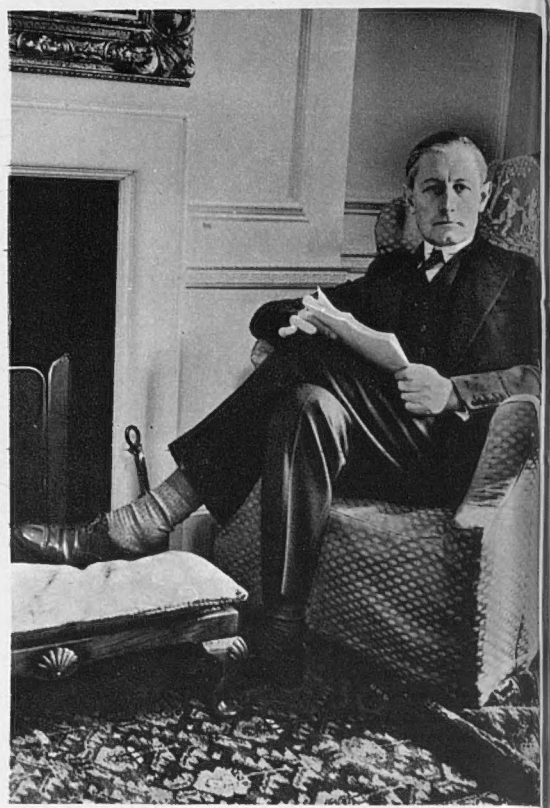


Head of the A.T.S.

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan has been made Director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, under the Director-General of the Territorial Army. She was a botanist before the last war, was head of Queen's Mary Army Auxiliary Corps and the Women's Royal Air Force in 1917, 1918 and 1919, then went back to her profession as Professor of Botany at the University of London

Head of the W.A.A.F.

Miss J. Trefusis Forbes has been made Director of the newly formed Women's Auxiliary Air Force, and has her office at Adastral House. Her official rank is Senior Controller (Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan is Chief Controller). Miss Trefusis Forbes has been an officer in the A.T.S. since September, and commanded an officer-producing company at the Duke of York's Headquarters



Governor-Elect of Bengal

Lt.-Col. Sir John Herbert, M.P., goes to Bengal as Governor when Sir John Woodhead comes home, was knighted and given the G.C.I.E. by the King last week. He was a soldier (in the Blues) for eighteen years before becoming M.P. for Monmouth, was A.D.C. to Lord Halifax during the latter's viceroyalty, has been Assistant Whip (unpaid) since 1937, is an ex-M.F.H. of the Monmouthshire, married Lord Ilchester's elder daughter, has one son

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russian negotiations are gradually becoming a fantasy. It seems that we have agreed to guarantee the Baltic States (although they don't want to be guaranteed) on condition that Russia guarantees Holland and Switzerland (and incidentally Russia and Switzerland are not on speaking terms). And Russia replies that if she guarantees Switzerland, Turkey must do the same. Exactly how Turkey and Russia can come to the help of Switzerland is a thing that the man in the street finds it difficult to imagine. But it seems that the pundits understand. Either that or they are trying to be funny.

YOU will often hear people asking the question, why is Danzig of such importance? And it is just as well to know the answer. With a dominating enemy at the mouth of the Vistula, Polish export trade is as good as dead. The whole economy of Poland faces northwards. That is to say, her heavy industries in Lodz and in Upper Silesia have no outlet to the south because of the barrier of the Carpathian Mountains. Therefore, an enemy sitting in the north can turn off Poland's trade just like turning off a tap. Gdynia, Poland's artificial port, is very pretty, but it is not the same thing.

ANOTHER question that people are asking all the time is, what is the value of the Polish Army? How good is it? I think the answer is that it is extremely good for the country in which it will operate. By that I mean that the Pole is not a man to fight in trenches or to defend a mountain pass. But he is essentially the man to ride a horse and cover enormous distances very quickly. He is a plainsman and a horseman, and, taken all in all, he is a highly intelligent and quick-thinking man. He is, in fact, well equipped for mobile warfare.

THE situation in Mongolia is most mysterious. At first we were all apt to laugh at the sensational reports of hundreds of aeroplanes and tanks being in action. Now it really looks as if warfare on a very big scale is in full swing.

THE Paris newspaper, *L'Ordre*, has published two neat little caricatures within the last few days. The first is of the statue de Balzac, which Rodin sculpted nearly fifty years ago, and which has only just been unveiled. One spectator is saying to another, "They have taken 544 months to unveil that." And the other replies, "Impossible. They must be British diplomats." And the second cartoon is of Hitler and Mussolini discussing the refusal of the American Congress to repeal the arms embargo. The Duce is saying, "You must admit, my Führer, that Parliamentarianism sometimes produces good." The operative word is "my."

THE country is steadily coming round to the policy which the Passing Hour has been advocating incessantly for eighteen months. On this page we have openly and firmly and repeatedly stated our conviction that Mr. Winston Churchill ought to be in the Government. We were jeered at in the past. We didn't mind. We stuck to our guns. And now it is impossible to go into any political circle or into any drawing-room without hearing Mr. Churchill's name. And, of course, the same thing applies to Mr. Eden and Mr. Duff Cooper.

THE March Past of National Service volunteers in Hyde Park was most impressive, especially the immense column of Air Wardens. One thing struck me particularly. The units came along ten abreast, and it is not easy to keep your dressing in lines of ten. The Territorial units, which came first, were distinctly inclined to straggle. Then suddenly the Observation Corps came past, almost every member wearing war medals. They kept in perfect dressing as if from memory of battles long ago. Another thing which impressed me was that the King kept his hand at the salute for at least three-quarters of an hour.

THIS business of the pamphlet in Hungary is very strange. A University Professor has written a ninety-page work to prove that the German claim to overwhelming strength is punk, and that if Hungary sides with Germany she will be backing the wrong horse again, as she did in 1914. This is a legitimate and understandable bit of propaganda. What is strange is the fact that the

Three Days in Warsaw

Count Edward Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador, flew to Warsaw last Tuesday, and was expected back on Saturday after three days packed with conferences and conversations about Danzig. Mr. Chamberlain's expected statement—"an explanation and a warning"—and the new British credit facilities of £60,000,000, of which Poland will largely share, were the main points of last week's Anglo-Polish diplomatic exchanges

Independence Day at the American Embassy

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy entertained about 1500 of their fellow-countrymen in England at 14, Princes Gate on Independence Day in real garden-party weather. Later, at the American Society's dinner, the Ambassador fixed another morsel of cement in the wall of Anglo-American friendship with his cheerful speech about the King and Queen in the U.S.A. On the same day President Roosevelt was telling the American Press that he wanted the embargo-on-arms-and-amunitions clause taken out of the Neutrality Bill, and that he thought public opinion wanted it out, too

Hungarian Government has done nothing to ban its sale, and the additional fact that the Hungarian people are buying it literally in tens of thousands.

THE war on the Vandal Front has been transferred for the moment to Scotland, where my friend Mr. Robert Hurd, the Edinburgh architect, is chief-of-staff on the right side. He is working like a demon to prevent the Edinburgh Corporation from tearing down the ancient Taylor's Land buildings in the Cowgate. So far he has held up the advancing barbarians by getting an interdict from the Court of Session, and it is possible that he may yet put down a barrage which will stave off the attackers altogether. I need hardly add that the Government Department concerned (the Department of Health) is entirely in favour of tearing the buildings down.

YOU may wonder, dear readers, why I have not been publishing communiqués lately from the Palmerston Front. You may remember that the communiqués from this war dealt with the treatment of British citizens abroad that Lord Palmerston might possibly have been cross about, had they occurred in his time. The reason why I have given up this front is because the battle is lost. Every British citizen abroad is now a Yank at Oxford. He may be debagged with impunity by anybody. And that sound that you hear in the small hours of the morning, after the roar of the traffic has died down, is his Lordship turning in his grave.

MR. NOEL COWARD'S autumn programme is original. But then, whatever you may think about Mr. Coward, you cannot deny that everything he does is original. He has written two new plays, one light and one serious, and he is going to present them on alternate nights at the same theatre with the same cast. With characteristic audacity Mr. Coward is presenting them at the Phœnix Theatre, which has not been conspicuous for its successes, except, of course, his own series of short plays some years ago.

AN interesting book was published not so long ago called *All This and Heaven Too*. It is about the celebrated French murder trial of the last century in which the Duc de Praslin was accused of the murder of his Duchess. It is an unusual book and thoroughly worth reading. Author, Rachel Field. Publisher, Collins.

THE Oxford and Cambridge boys managed to get a result out of their annual jamboree at Lord's. But the same cannot be said of the Eton and Winchester children. For the eighth year in succession their match ended in a draw. On this occasion the Winchester captain tried to hurry matters up by asking the Eton captain if he would agree not to have an interval for tea, but to have his nice cup of tea during the interval between the innings. The Eton captain declined to do so, and so resulted the ignominious spectacle of the two elevens having a ten-minute interval between the innings and then retiring again to the pavilion a few minutes later for tea. It is high time that cricketers of this kind ought to understand that cricket is a grand game as played by enthusiasts, but as played by them it becomes a pain in the neck.

IF the Open Golf Championship proved anything, it proved the magnificence of the Old Course at St. Andrews. In spite of the dead easy, slow greens which gave the professionals every chance of using their high pitch shot, and in spite of its comparative shortness, it caught them out over and over again with its neat little bunkers and its subtle slopes. It still is, as the greatest of all modern golfers said. the greatest of all courses. Bobby Jones knew a thing or two about golf.

HERE is a new story about a refugee who was taken in by a village in Sussex. About five years old, he charmed the entire village with his sunny disposition and his readiness to please. The only thing against him was that his hobby was catching cats and shaving them with his host's electric razor. From all accounts the cats of the village are looking rather odd just now.

Another story comes from the West Country. Two little refugees have a passion for playing chess, but they have voluntarily given up chess and are studying the game of cricket in order to be worthy of this great and glorious country which has taken them in.

Social Register

FIVE WEDDINGS

Miss Jean Reid and Mr. Graham-Clarke

Lionel John Graham-Clarke, Coldstream Guards, is the only son of Capt. and Mrs. John Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Glos. Jean Margaret Reid is the younger daughter of the late Sir Marshall Reid, and Lady Reid, of Belton, Camberley, Surrey. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and are honeymooning in Norway

The Hon. William Allenby and Miss Price

Claude William Allenby is the son of the late Capt. F. C. H. Allenby, of Loanend, Berwick-on-Tweed, and Mrs. Allenby, of Graden, Redhill, Surrey, and brother of Captain Viscount Allenby. Sheila Patsy Price is the daughter of G. P. Price, of Beechfield, Petworth, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Price. They were married at St. Mary's, Petworth

Miss Maureen

John Hugh Gilbey an Oratory wedding la of Gordon Gilbey an of Harrowden Hal den barony was calle our last year.) Maure and Mrs. Hugh Gilbe

ENGAGED COUPLES

Mr. McDonald an

John Lakin, back from playing polo for England in the Westchester Cup, and Daphne Pearson, Lord Cowdray's youngest sister, went to see "Paganini" at Covent Garden together. They announced their engagement last month and are being married on August 10th. Her brother and Lady Anne Bridgeman are being married a week to-day

JOURNEY HOME

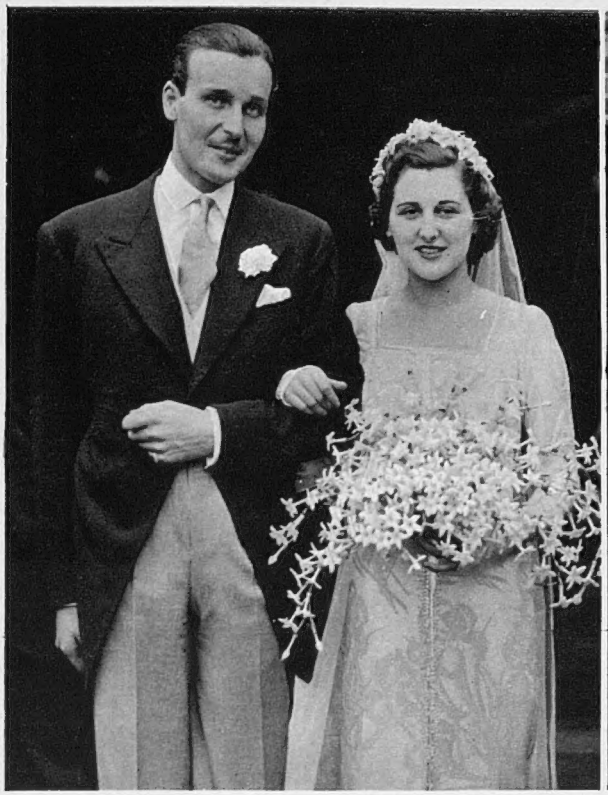
The Earl and Countess of Lovelace

Lord and Lady Lovelace were married this spring in South Africa, spent a couple of months on the Natal coast, and then went back to the Cape to sail for England. Lady Lovelace was Doris Evison. Lord Lovelace is the fourth Earl, succeeded ten years ago

Mr. Lakin and the Hon. Daphne Pearson

Gilbey, Hon. John Gilbey

Maureen Gilbey had a Brompton week. He is the second son Baroness Vaux of Harrowden, Northants. (The Vaux of Harrow- out of abeyance in his mother's fav- Gilbey is the daughter of Mr. of 70, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10



Mr. Pat Hanbury and Miss Prunella Higgins

Hanmer Cecil (Pat) Hanbury, Grenadier Guards, second son of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury, M.P., and Lady Hanbury, and Prunella Higgins, daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. T. C. R. Higgins, of Turvey House, Turvey, Beds., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. They are honeymooning at La Mortola, Lady Hanbury's famous villa at Ventimiglia

Mr. Hugh Campbell and Miss Bunny McLean

Hugh Campbell is the eldest son of Col. Hugh Campbell, of Blythewood, Ascot, and Mrs. Ma'tland-Kirwan, of Gelston Castle, Kirkcud- brightshire. He was married at Chelsea Old Church to Evelyn Ruth (Bunny) McLean, younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady McLean, of Five Oaks, Wentworth, Surrey

Miss Jean Fraser

Anthony McDonald and Jean Fraser, only daughter of Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., and Lady Fraser, of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park, are engaged. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. McDonald, of Tatsfield, Surrey

Lady Rosemary Eliot was at Roehampton to see her fiancé, Ed- ward Nutting, play No. 1 for the Jaguars in the final of the Junior Polo Cham- pionship. The Jagu- ars beat Adsdean by 8 goals to 1. Mr. Nutting, Sir Harold Nutting's younger son, is in the Blues

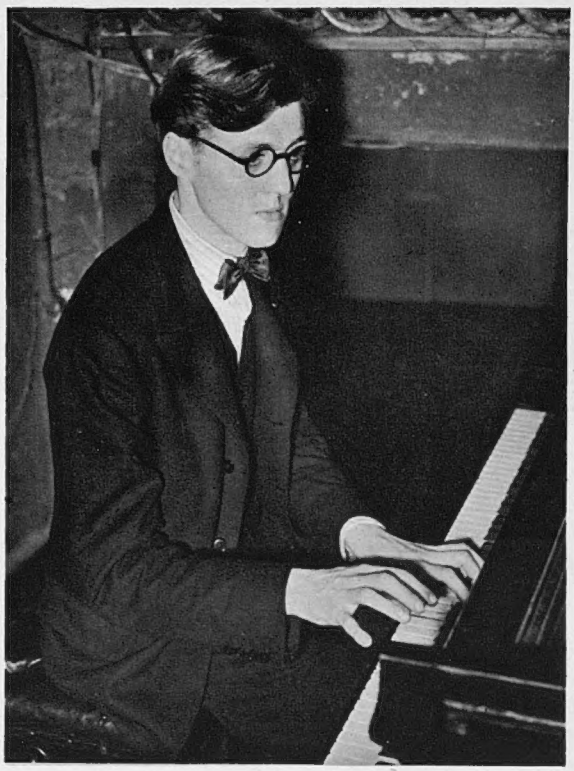
Lady Rosemary Eliot and Mr. Nutting

The Marchioness of Linlithgow Comes Home

Lord Hopetoun and his fiancée, Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, went down to Croy- don to meet his mother, Lady Linlithgow, after her flight home from India. She has come back for their wedding which takes place at Westminster Abbey on July 24th. Lord Hopetoun is the Viceroy of India's elder son

Television Milking

Jasmine Bligh, television hostess, had her duties extended to milking a cow for a "Down on the Farm" television programme. While she milked (in jodhpurs), A. G. Street and an Enfield farmer discussed July agricultural problems



Ballet Piano-Playing

Eric Harrison is the young pianist whose playing with the London Philharmonic at Covent Garden has received high praise. He plays the piano part in Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini for Fokine's new ballet. He is twenty, a student at the Royal College of Music, comes from Yorkshire

Sir Edwin Lutyens, president of the R.A., did lightning sketches for auction at a village fête at Rolveden, down in Kent. Shillings to a pound were the prices fetched

News Reel

Artists, Musicians and Actresses

Film Star's Debut

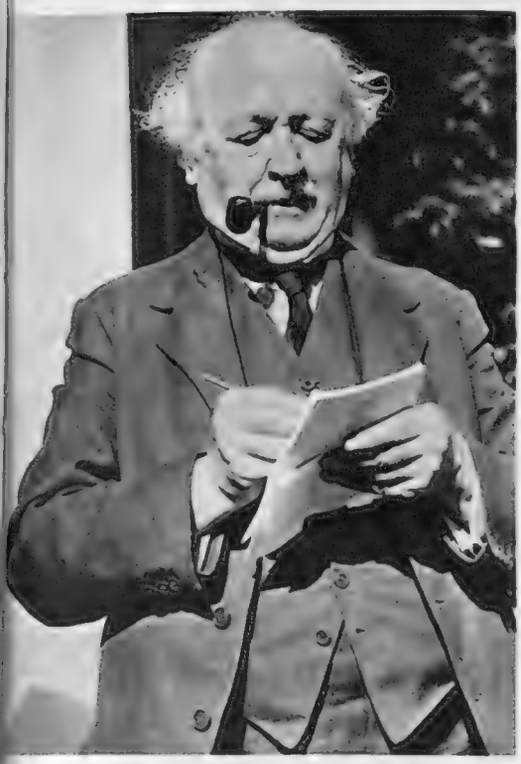
Annie Vernay is the newest French film star, makes her first appearance as such on the English screen when "Les Otages" goes to the Curzon next week. She has a nice white car, and dresses to match

Dancer's Engagement

Wendy Toye, the dancer and choregrapher, daughter of the late E. W. Toye, and Mrs. Jessie Crichton Toye, is engaged to Edward Selwyn Sharpe, who has known her since she was a child. She is arranging the dances and ballets for the Open Air Theatre this year, and is also teaching Mary Morris her dance in "The Thief of Baghdad" at Denham

Conductor's Wedding

John Barbirolli, conductor and director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra since 1937 (he succeeded Toscanini), was married last week to oboe-player Evelyn Rothwell. They met in Scotland when Barbirolli was conductor of the Scottish National Orchestra. He is London-born, of Italian and French parentage, was formerly married to a singer, Marjorie Parry



Charity Sketching

Merle Oberon Sits for a Viennese Sculptor

Lambda, sculptor and painter, has been working on a bust of Merle Oberon; she sat for him at her house in Regent's Park, where she and her husband, Alexander Korda, are now installed. Lambda has also done a head of Korda. He is giving his first exhibition in London just now, at the Nicholson Galleries in St. James's Place

Actor-Playwright's Wedding

Sacha Guitry has been much in the news lately. He has, in the first place, married his fourth wife, Geneviève de Séréville, daughter of Baron de Séréville. This was at Fontenay le Fleury Church, his first religious wedding, and therefore the only marriage recognised by the Church. Then he has been made a member of the Académie Goncourt which awards the Prix Goncourt—a great literary honour. And he has made a new film, with Elvire Popesco, called "There Were Nine Bachelors"

Marlene Dietrich came over to London from Paris last week, and went to the Players' Theatre Club one evening with Charles Graves. Talking to them here is Leonard Sachs, who runs the midnight cabaret. Robert Eddison (Oberon on p. 55) is one of its stars as the Hon. Maud Eddison

Marlene Dietrich is in London

Another London exhibitor of the moment is Mrs. Bodley, who is showing her flower-paintings and landscapes at the Cooling Galleries. She is the former wife of another artist, Jocelyn Bodley. With her, on the right, are the Countess of Carlisle and her daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard

Mrs. Bodley Holds an Exhibition

Henkel and Cooke

Half the all-American final was settled when H. Henkel, of Germany, was beaten by E. T. Cooke, who had demolished Austin two days before. But Cooke lost the five-set final to "Bobby" Riggs 2—6, 8—6, 3—6, 6—3, 6—2

Champion Riggs

The other half of the final became American when R. L. Riggs disposed of F. Puncec. Riggs had previously beaten Ghaus Mohammed. Like Cooke, he was playing his first Wimbledon. He and Cooke also became doubles finalists by beating the veterans, Borotra and Brugnon

Puncec

F. Puncec, the stern machine-like Yugoslavian, having demolished Californian E. Smith, victor of Menzel, went down to the jaunty Riggs in three sets, 6—2, 6—3, 6—4. His compatriot, Kukuljevic, had lost to Henkel in the round before. In the doubles he and Mitic were put out by Hare and Wilde

Wimbledon, Last Chapters: the Finalists and Semi-Finalists

Miss Stammers Beat Mrs. Fabyan

Kay Stammers saved the women's finals from being another all-American affair by her glorious victory over Mrs. S. Fabyan, 7—5, 2—6, 6—3, and went into the final on Saturday surrounded by an invisible army of British hopes and good wishes. In the round before she had the mastery of Helen Jacobs by 6—2, 6—2, while Mrs. Fabyan disposed of Mme. Mathieu by 6—4, 6—2

Fru Sperling Lost to Miss Marble

Alice Marble flashed through her match against Fru Sperling at a terrifying speed and strength, to win 6—0, 6—0. In the fifth round she had only lost five games to Mlle. Jedrzejowska, one more than Fru Sperling had allowed Miss Hardwick

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Juggernaut" (Saville)

THIS is an Austrian cavalcade—cavalcade not in the spirit of Drury Lane, which means Spectacle with a big "S," Production with a big "P," and Box-office with a big "B" buzzing in the author's subconscious—but cavalcade of an intimate, domestic and most tragic order, tracing only too credibly the life of a family through a quarter of a century, from 1913 to 1938, from the Christmas-tree to the crooked cross. The family is that of Alberich and Karoline von Allmen (cf. Everyman). We see them in prosperity before the war, in starvation after it, and in cruel domestic conflict after the assassination of Dollfuss, one boy being Heimwehr and another Nazi. Here the authors take no political side, their sympathy being always for the underdog. Persecution is their theme and they have no difficulty in carrying us with them, since we ourselves are not the persecutors. As Austria bleeds, our hearts echo the famous words of Rosse:

> Alas, poor country,
> Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
> Be call'd our Mother, but our grave; where nothing
> But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
> Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
> Are made, not mark'd: where violent sorrow seems
> A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
> Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives
> Expire before the flowers in their caps,
> Dying, or ere they sicken.

IN writing this play, Messrs. Heckstall-Smith and Hare declare that they "have no message to give nor moral to point." Is this quite true? Have they not (most excusably) so arranged their picture as to present Jewish persecution in an unfavourable light? To this end, surely, the saving of a young boy's life by a Jewish doctor and the official visitation on that Jewish doctor's house twenty years after by the Nazi whose life he saved. To this end, again, the destruction of the Jewish doctor's life work when he needs only a few days to establish a cure for tuberculosis. Interestingly enough, in both cases the anti-persecution theme is weakened rather than strengthened. Since all persecution is bad, it is not better to persecute some people than others, and to make a case against persecution on specific grounds is to admit the possibility of a case for persecution on grounds unspecified.

Nazi man and restraining sister: Guido von Allmen (Eric Barry) and Therese (Marjorie Mars)

NEVERTHELESS, I cannot help feeling that *Juggernaut* has received less commendation from some critics than it deserves. It is a strong, serious, arresting piece of work, and though its appeal is too direct, since it must continually remind audiences of things outside the theatre, for it to rank very high as a work of art, it has many human excellences. The performance at the Saville is good enough. Mr. Leo Genn, plodding valiantly, has no difficulty in winning sympathy for the Jew. Mr. Anthony Shaw as the father of the family marks very cleverly his transition from middle-aged intolerance to plaintive senility. Taken all round, this is a worthy piece of work; and although that epithet has, I know, suffered a decline we must all discover in the end that for what is worthy there is much to be said.

Sketches by Rouson

Pre-war Austria: Alberich von Allmen (Anthony Shaw) and Ernst von Allmen (John Boxer)

Post-war Vienna: Paul Nathan, a Jewish doctor (Leo Genn) and Christoph Muller, an aristocratic confidence man (Harold Warrender)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FANS of Oliver Williams, *né* Cromwell, first Dictator of Great Britain, were gently grieved when Lord Fairfax accused them in *The Times* of depriving his ancestor, the second Earl, of due glory in the inscription on the new Marston Moor monument. At the moment of writing, the monument attributes the victory to Cromwell and Leslie, whereas both men were under the command of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax, G.O.C. Parliamentary Army. However, as Fairfax, according to the historians, was in flight when Cromwell's cavalry attacked the Royalists in the rear and brilliantly changed the day's fortunes, it may be that the inscription is not so unfair after all, and Mr. Isaac Foot, Liberal ex-M.P., who used regularly to remove his lid in an ecstasy of worship when passing the Dictator's statue in Parliament Yard, may sheathe his trusty umbrella again. Personally, we think the Foot Brigade might have gracefully amended their inscription. The polite ancient military convention is to give the credit for a victory to the leading general on the winning side, whether he was in the field or under the bed or up a tree at the time. Simultaneously his Staff receive showers of decorations, whether they knew what was going on or (more usually) didn't. We haven't time to go thoroughly into the symbolism of all this, but you can take it from us that the whole hierarchic military system rests on it. In the case of a big defeat the general in charge naturally suffers terribly, being recalled in disgrace and given a safer job. (Once more, symbolism.) During the Great War it was the custom for generals having by mischance thrown away, say, a few more divisions and lost a few hundred square yards more of front to hop a fast 'plane, if possible, and get at the right man in Whitehall before the official news came through. Here again, a symbolic act.

Chatterbox

SOCIAL gossip boys attached to American newspapers bear charmed lives, as you will agree if you ever read some of the hair-raising stuff they print. Rarely does one of them seem to get beaned or bumped in a night-club or knifed by an indignant Society dame, and how the engaging Mr. Walter Winchell is still alive for one, considering the carefree way he handles the more intimate affairs of New Yorkers in the public eye, is a perpetual mystery. However, we observe that Count Igor Cassini, who performs for a Washington paper, has just been tarred and feathered by a group of admirers made restive by one of his social pars; from which one perceives that being unhampered to any extent by libel laws isn't always jam. Now we think of it, there 's a Damon Runyon story about a guy named Waldo Winchester, who writes a daily Broadway column about "who is running round with who, including guys and dolls," and as this guy is presently perceived in a devilish tough spot, owing to his too-fluent typewriter, it may be that such accidents are not regarded in America as anything extraordinary. Our London gossip-boys rarely come up against the rough stuff like that. In the first place, the wings of their Muse are already clipped by the Law. In the second, they very wisely prefer praise to criticism or blame, for their frequent contact, first-hand and otherwise, with High Life never makes them cynical. They admire the Beau Monde quite sincerely, especially the duchesses; which amiable enthusiasm they share, after all, with writers of the high standing of Thackeray and Marcel Proust. Hence to criticise a person of wealth, rank, or fashion, even if British Law permitted, would be abhorrent to them.

We love them all, gossip-boys and gossip-girls alike, but our favourite is—may we whisper? Yes, her. The dearest sweetheart of them all. What a girl! Eh? What? Oh, go on, you awfuls!

Portrait

BARNABAS PLUMBLY, mine host of the Wheatsheaf Inn at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, sounds so like a Fielding or a Stevenson character that we spent a moment or two trying idly to fit him into his right story, the more easy a game because his period was the middle 1700's. The licence Barnabas Plumbly got from the local justices for the Wheatsheaf has continued in the possession of his family ever since 1710, we read last week, and the last link has only just been snapped by the retirement of the widow of Barnabas's direct descendant. Such news-items bob up in a newspaper-page sometimes like a ripe apple in a whirlpool of muck, and are delicious to linger over. We bet an innkeeper called Barnabas Plumbly was nice to know; a round rosy apple of a man himself, he sounds to us, with twinkling little eyes, a flaxen wig, plump calves, a decoratively convex belly, and a gift for philosophic silence; a great lover of a quiet life, apt to let the locals thrash out the Stuart-Hanoverian succession over the tap-room fire as they pleased. He would have had, we guess, a large, thin, managing wife whose tongue and pattens were always clacking, three round, rosy daughters, and five silent raw-boned sons, one of whom lost a leg at Malplaquet and another of whom, a tarry, sallow put, had been pressed into the *Stag* frigate, Captain Bowser.

There aren't many innkeepers of the Plumbly type about nowadays, the brewers who rule England seeming to prefer rather bustling unsympathetic businesslike types, with

"Mr. Middleton, I presume?"

or without waxed moustaches. Apropos of which, we gazed for some time in Fleet Street the other day at the portrait of a handsome, serene, dignified old lady of kindly but imperious bearing, seated in a high chair, wearing soberly opulent mid-Victorian costume and head-dress, with rich lace at throat and wrists and sombre, wide-billowing silk skirts. On the table beside her was a Bible, open. She looked like the incarnation of the Original Victorian Matriarch, but she might equally have been an Empress of All the Russias. As a matter of fact, she turned out to be Mme. Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin : the Widow Clicquot ; the one whose name was so constantly on the lips of that gay Edwardian dog and man-about-town, your Uncle (" Waiter ! Another magnum of The Widow ! ") Joseph.

Mill

ONE of the world's famous windmills, the Mill of Valmy, near Ste. Menehould, on the Chalons road, is to be reconstructed by the local municipality. By this mill (Sept. 20, 1792) stood Dumouriez and Kellermann in wind and rain, directing the first battle of the French Revolution, watching the tall, stout German grenadiers, sogged in mud and disabled by dysentery, fail to sweep away their ragged, untried, half-starved troops on Valmy plain. The charges failed, the battle lapsed into a cannonade on both sides, the decision remained with the French, and Valmy changed European history. There used to be a tavern on an opposite knoll, some way from the mill, called " The Sign of the Moon," but that also disappeared many years ago. To this pub the Duke of Brunswick retired cursing after losing the day. It is fitting of the Third Republic to restore the windmill, at least. There may not be as much enthusiasm for the principles and activities of the Revolution in France nowadays as there was once, but every Frenchman can be proud of Valmy.

The only windmill with battle honours we can think of in our own Island Story has also vanished—the one which stood by the Black Horse Inn at Offham, near Lewes, in which windmill Henry III.'s brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, took refuge and was captured after the bloody battle of Lewes up on Mount Harry. All the wits made merry over the Earl's hide-out, though we doubt woundily whether, when the rout began, they themselves would have stayed to be carved in pieces by the Barons, especially if these were the terrible kind of Barons you see stamping about to-day, sacking serfs right and left and giving their private secretaries hell. We wouldn't personally care to encourage baronial ruthlessness by restoring the Mill of Lewes, but it is the fashion of the moment in Sussex to weep over or nurse dead or disabled windmills back to health, so if you ever see a lot of barons in plus-fours swaggering round Lewes in their Rollses, grabbing at the maidens and oppressing the populace, you 'll know what 's happened.

Labels

FOR some time we 've been vainly hoping one of *The Times'* dramatic critics would follow up an extremely interesting remark he made by the way recently, apropos some play in which the heroine, said this critic, " seems to have been born (and dressed, for she wears the pink frock that has become a theatrical badge) to be seduced." We hadn't noticed ourselves that pink on the stage nowadays goes with seduction, as white satin went with madness in Sheridan's time. Since it does—for we wouldn't dare doubt the word of one of Auntie's boys—the idea should be developed and the West End public enabled, as soon as a character appears, to guess roughly what is going to happen to him or her. It was a bad day for the West End public, poor dopes, when the stage dropped that admirable eighteenth and early nineteenth-century convention of naming characters " Mr. Snake," " Mr. Horner," " Sir John Brute," " Mr. Goodchild," " Lady Sparkle," " Mr. Allworthy," " Lord Froth," " Alderman Gripe," " Mrs. Squeamish," and what not. Before any of these people uttered a word even the high-priced seats knew what their line of country was, and had the dirty dogs sorted out from the good girls and boys almost from the word " go." They knew also that when there was a servant in it named " Trickett " or " Sharper " he would be the life and soul of the party, and probably have a female stooge. This all settled at the beginning, they could close their eyes as the curtain rose and drop happily off. It was the Golden Age.

Pink frocks, therefore, for seduction-candidates by all means : a charming tint. Green or puce frocks for the Right-to-Live-One's-Own-Life. Lemon-yellow for No-More-Illusions. Magenta for To-Hell-With-Your-Stupid-Conventions — I-Love-Him. Purple for Mothers Who Dare-Not-Tell, and, in any revival of the more old-fashioned or pre-Coward type of play, white, of course, for Chastity. You will say this colour-scheme might make casting-problems more difficult. This could be avoided by dyeing the actresses.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" And I distinctly heard one of them say they had two constables and one sergeant locked up in the strong-room "

Films of the Day

A Portrait of Lenin

By George Campbell

"LENIN IN OCTOBER," shown two or three months ago by the Film Society, has been put on for a public run; and you might do worse than see it. The Russians' lead in film-craft, if they ever had it, has long since passed to the French. Though *Lenin in October*, considered purely as film, is pretty good, only the ideological fan, or the fanatical idiot, could mistake it for a masterpiece.

But that, I suggest, isn't quite the point. Here is a full-length portrait of one of those rare men who changed the course of history. Lenin, in posterity's judgment, may stand out as easily the greatest figure of our age. Anything that throws light on him has value. What wouldn't we give to-day for a similar record of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of Washington?

All the same, should this film about Lenin be preserved from destruction as his body has been, and dragged in as evidence, I hope posterity won't be mug enough to swallow it whole. As history it just isn't. The producers boast of years of research, of the thousands of witnesses they have interviewed and all the documents they have studied to make the portrait live. And, up to a point, it does. Here, as near as he can be reconstructed, is the little deified Red Father, almost exactly as he looked, as he walked, as he talked. Boris Shchukin's study is so brilliant that here, for all practical purposes, is a superficial, external Lenin infinitely more like the great man, because intensely alive, than the waxy shell preserved by the chemists' arts in the wooden mausoleum beside the Kremlin wall.

SOME of the detail, too, is no doubt authentic. Lenin may well have spent his first night back in St. Petersburg studying a map by candlelight and sleeping on a loyal worker's floor while Kerensky's secret police scoured the city. Where the film flings history to the winds is in the relations between Lenin and his old Bolshevik comrades. Its sole purpose is to prove that there is no God but Lenin, and Stalin is his prophet, that the rest of the men who plotted and suffered with Lenin in adversity and were rewarded by him with the highest offices the new republic had to offer, were regarded by him simply as fools and traitors. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the rest either do not appear in the film at all or skulk fleetingly across the background. Who is the first person Lenin asks to see on stepping from the train? Stalin. Who loyally urges Lenin not to overtire himself? Stalin. Who is always waiting with the leader's overcoat or a modest, helpful word? Stalin. Who stays behind when the others have gone, for a confidential talk far into the night? Stalin. Who is standing, symbolically enough, behind the leader's chair at the end, ready to give moral support or take over? Nobody but our old friend Josef Stalin.

But allowing for all this—and one imagines that Trotsky's comments would be both blistering and instructive—*Lenin in October* is interesting as entertainment and invaluable as a document giving Stalin's curiously distorted picture of ten days that shook the world.

TWO of the new films are epics. The first, *The Sun Never Sets*, is Hollywood's tribute to the British Empire, as represented by the Randolphs. The Randolphs are a patriotic family, and methodical. On the wall hangs a map of the world, and wherever a Randolph is, there sticking in the map is a little flag like the flags used by old ladies to show the position of the dear boys in the last war. When he dies, this flag is placed in a box with the flags of all his ancestors. This doesn't actually help the young Randolph whose wife is having a baby on the Gold Coast on a very wet night, with the nearest doctor a hundred miles away; nor the younger Randolph, who tries to put a hostile wireless station out of action single-handed, after bluffing the gang that he is drunk; but, after all, it's the thought that counts. Anyway, the head of the family (C. Aubrey Smith) dies, and District Commissioner Randolph places the old man's flag in the little box, specially forwarded to the White Man's Grave for the ceremony; and the baby dies before they have time to mark him with a flag at all; but luck and the Randolph spirit pull the father through.

THE hero of *Captain Fury*, another Hollywood saga of Empire, is one of those gentlemen who chanted en voyage:

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

He arrives in time to find a land-grabber, with a sadistic streak and practically no spirit of Rotary, dispossessing small settlers in the best Wild West style. It is not until Brian Aherne leads a gang of escaped Irish patriots to the rescue, with the aid of a blonde and the Governor, that everybody gets what's coming to him.

"Lenin in October"

The U.S.S.R. film of the return of Lenin to Russia during the days of the Kerensky regime, the overthrow of that regime and the establishment in power of the Bolsheviks, is being publicly shown for the first time, and is reviewed on this page. Boris Shchukin gives a fine performance as Lenin. Stalin (on right of Lenin above) plays a prominent part in the film, but the name of the actor is not given. Mikhail Romm directed. At the Forum

It seems unfair to show harsh daylight on the meeting of Titania and Oberon when every evening they meet magically, not by moonlight perhaps, but in the soft dusk. But there are matinées at Regent's Park (three a week), and then the sunny picture on the right may be a true one

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania." "What! jealous Oberon"

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

On the first summer night for weeks, balmy and still, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* began its month's run at the Open Air Theatre. Robert Atkins' production follows its familiar lines. The evening deepens from enchantment to enchantment as the sky darkens and the trees are mysteriously lit up in a supremely theatrical beauty, and Mendelssohn's shimmering music accompanies the spell. Here is a lovely summer counterpart of the exquisite fairy-tale that has been part of London's Christmas these last two years at the Old Vic. The outdoor ballet has been arranged by Wendy Toye

Hermia and Lysander

The first pair of lovers are the small and lively Hermia by Patricia Hicks, a handsome eager Lysander by Christopher Quest

Helena and Demetrius

Helena, that fair "spaniel," is well played in her devoted petulance by Iris Baker, and the ungentlemanly Demetrius is carried off by Richard Littledale

Bottom, a Whimsical Weaver

Romney Brent is something new in Pyramus-Bottoms, a neatly-spoken, whimsical, studious artisan who seems a social cut above his Thisbe in their "tedious brief scene"

Puck and Oberon

Leslie French is Puck again, brilliantly nimble and mischievous as ever. Robert Eddison is a fine kingly Oberon. These two are outstanding in their speaking, and make microphones and amplifiers seem quite out of place

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yer know, until yer uniform and rifle comes, I reckon we'll take the risk of a war startin' without yer."

Norman Parkinson

Mr. Can't and Mr. Can—an R.P.D.D. Contrast

Ask any recruiting sergeant what R.P.D.D. means and he 'll tell you—Recruits Physical Development Depot. Two years ago, three officers on the retired list, one of them an Army doctor, had the idea that to turn away many would-be recruits because of flat feet, round shoulders, under-weight, and so on, was a mistake. Instead of trying to change Army regulations, these three wise men decided to go to work on the would-be recruits. The war department became interested, and R.P.D.D. was started, with headquarters at Canterbury. Now if a youth presents himself at a recruiting office and fails to conform to catalogue, he is told he may go to Canterbury on recruit's pay for a course which will make a man of him. The feature on this and the next two pages shows you something of life at R.P.D.D. and presents figures to show the institution's remarkable success

Elevenses *consists of milk and fruit. An allowance of 2½d. per head over that for fit recruits is made to the R.P.D.D., who make it go a long way*

Tickets *in the Commandant's office record each recruit's specification and failing. All similar failings are collected in same squad — the Oudenardes are under-weight, with stiff backs and hamstrings*

The depot *being solely for young recruits, there is a school atmosphere of benevolent despotism and reliance upon sectional pride*

No special rations *are fed, barring elevenses, but careful supervision has raised the standard above Army average. Recruits have a half-hour digestion siesta after lunch*

The "Bystander" visits

R.P.D.D. at Canterbury

The remarkable success of the Recruits Physical Development Depot at Canterbury is demonstrated by these figures (as at Reveillé, 1-6-'39). Since R.P.D.D.'s inception two years ago there have been 2161 arrivals at the depot. The debit side of the account is as follows: posted to depots, 1608; deserted—not rejoined, 3; discharged, 276; remaining on depot strength, 274. This gives an 85 per cent. saving on man-power which would have been lost to the Army. Furthermore, of the 276 men discharged, only 164 are unfit after the R.P.D.D. course; the others come under miscellaneous headings such as mental, 2; misconduct, 6; purchased out, 17; under age, 29; compassionate grounds, 4; mis-statement re marriage, 1

Scholiosis, *curved spine, is the trouble which causes have his backbone painted (as a guide to the instructor) through the "high sea crawl," a bracing, thrusting at one machine since youth has probably caused*

Poles, bamboo, female, *is Army terminology for the simple apparatus used in this exercise. The enormous calves in the foreground belong to the instructor*

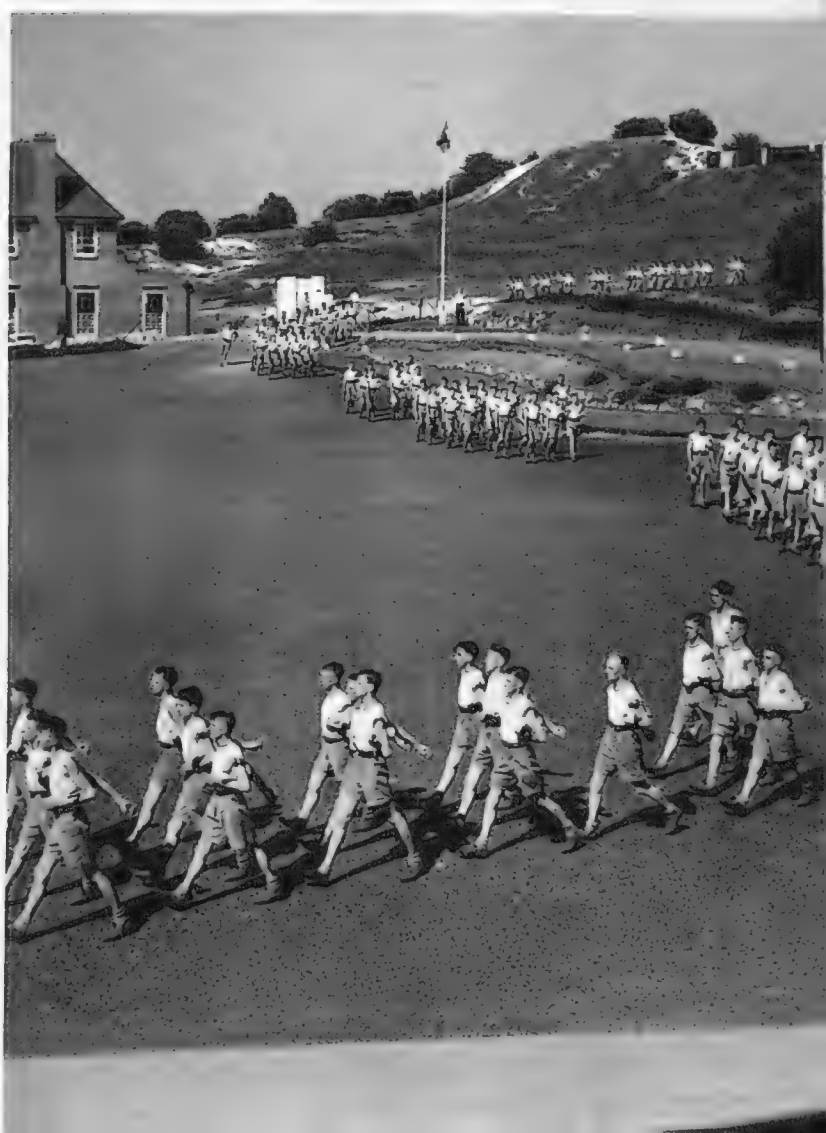
"Flat-foot floogies" *are raising the arches of their feet in a Kent field. To do this, they stand with still trunks and swing one leg across the other; this pulls up the arches of the foot on the ground, in this case their right*

Marching home *from exercise on the slopes beyond comes a squad of R.P.D.D. men; left background are the new recreation rooms, right background is the stockade hiding the swimming-bath. The main building in use was a military hospital built by civilian prison labour in 1810, used as such up to 1925*

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

this recruit to and to be put exercise. Work his defect

Before and after: *right has just come in, left is nearly ready for departure. The first page of these three shows another before-and-after R.P.D.D. aspect, the latter nearer the camera*



Paganini the violinist (Rostoff) was a master also of the guitar. In the second scene he appears among the people, terrifies them by his sinister appearance, his wild music

A Florentine beauty (Riabouchinska) comes on the scene. Frightened and fascinated, she is whirled hither and thither by the spell of the music, to fall exhausted at the player's feet

"Paganini"

Fokine's Romantic Ballet to Rachmaninoff Music

It was Rachmaninoff himself who suggested to Fokine, of whom he is a personal friend, that the latter should compose a ballet to his "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." The result is a fantasy in three scenes, in which Paganini himself is seen on the concert platform, surrounded by the gossip, scandal, envy and guile of his enemies, his playing dominated by a goat-masked Satan; among the people, who shrink from the musician rumoured to have sold his soul to the Devil; and alone and dying, tortured by nightmares and doubts. The first performance ten days ago celebrated the great choregrapher's fifty years in the Russian ballet, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm, as was Fokine himself when he appeared on the stage. The settings and dresses are by a Russian artist who used to work for Pavlova—Serge Souderkine. The piano part is played by Eric Harrison. (An article by Mr. Haskell on *Paganini* appears on p. 42)

Photographs by Anthony

Crossing themselves in terror, the people watch as Paganini gazes at the victim of his art. Behind him is Petroff, who, as a Florentine youth, dances a pas de deux with Riabouchinska

In the last scene god spirits and mocking grotesques struggle for the musician's mind and soul. For finale his Divine Genius (Baronova) leads him away from the world that misunderstood his greatness

Dimitri Rostoff gives a fine performance, consistent, dramatic and full of dignity, as Paganini. His role is entirely a miming one. Not the least striking thing about it is his convincing violin-playing in the first scene

Debutantes of 1939

Lenare

Miss Sybil Jennings

Sybil Jennings is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas C. Jennings, of 62, Chester Square. Her mother presented her in March and gave a joint dance with the Hon. Mrs. Milles-Lade for her and Diana and Isabel Milles-Lade on June 26th. She is a Monkey Club member, studies domestic economy and languages, likes riding and music

Pearl Freeman

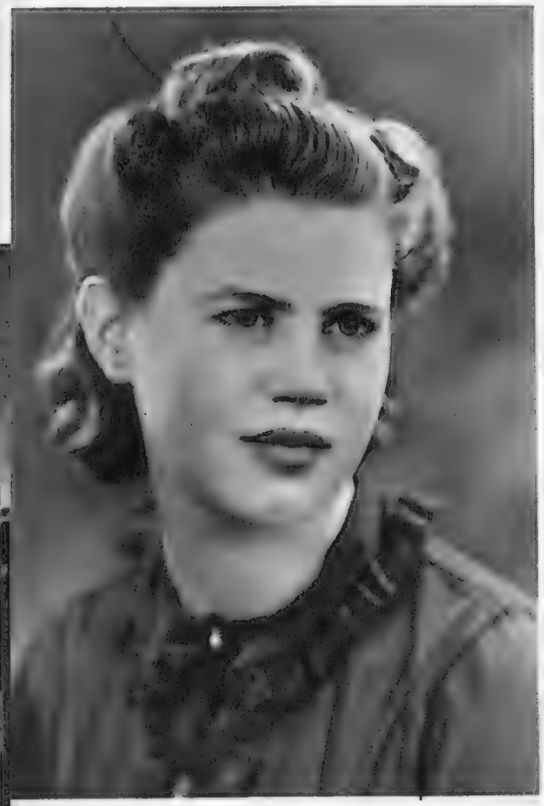
Miss Dorothy Boag

Two Johannesburg girls going to Court this week are Dorothy and Betty Boag, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Boag, of Park Wood, Johannesburg. Dorothy Boag, the elder, is studying dress designing with a big Hanover Square firm while she is in London

Pearl Freeman

Miss Betty Boag

Betty Boag is being presented with her sister this week by Mrs. te Water, wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa. Like her sister, she is studying while in London, and has been working hard at the Slade. Their father is managing director of a big Johannesburg engineering firm



Pearl Freeman

Miss Margaret Dalglish

From Monmouthshire came Margaret Dalglish to be presented at the first Court. She is the elder daughter of the late Com. Kenneth Dalglish, R.N., and Mrs. Guy Reynolds, of Brynderwen, Usk. Her mother gave a dance for her last Saturday at Usk. She was "finished" at Munich last year

Hay Wrightson

Miss Pamela Flint

Another presentation at this week's Courts is that of Pamela Flint by Mrs. Oswald Hunt. She is the daughter of Major Eric Flint, of Rock Lodge, Folkestone, and granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Hulbert. She is studying music and is a promising young pianist

Kay Vaughan

Miss Cecily Walmesley

A Somerset debutante is Cecily Walmesley, eldest of the five children of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Gerrard Walmesley, of Clumhead, Taunton. Her mother is presenting her this week. Her father is head of a family formerly well known in Lancashire and Berkshire

Harlip

Miss Thalia Gordon

Thalia Gordon is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, near Salisbury. She and her sister are being presented at Court this week. Mrs. Gordon gave their coming-out dance at Claridge's on June 21st

Harlip

Miss Anthea Gordon

Anthea Gordon is Thalia's twin sister and co-debutante. Both of them have been brought up to a country life and are excellent riders. They came up from Wiltshire in May, to 85, Eaton Square, which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon took for the season

Lenare

Miss Susan Ridley

A debutante from Suffolk is Susan Ridley, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Ridley, of Grundisburgh Hall, Suffolk. She was presented at a March Court. Her mother gave a dance for her two weeks ago at Lady Cowdray's house in Mount Street, for which the Duchess of Gloucester was one of the dinner hostesses

Harlip

Miss Eva Buxton

Eva Buxton is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Guy Buxton, of the Home Farm, Stowle Park, Glos., and Mrs. R. C. Buxton, of Princes Court, S.W.3. Her mother presented her in March. Her father was formerly in the 4th Hussars and now commands the 5th Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment (T.A.)

Lenare

Miss Elizabeth Sinclair

The younger daughter of the Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, Sir Archibald Sinclair, M.P., is a debutante this year (her sister Catherine came out last year). Lady Sinclair presented her in March. The Sinclairs live in Thorney Court, W.8, while they are in London ; the family place is Thurso Castle, Caithness

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Margaret Maxwell-Lyte

Margaret Maxwell-Lyte is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maxwell-Lyte, of 53, Warwick Gardens, W.14, and was presented by her mother in March. She is a great-granddaughter of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, composer of "Abide With Me," her sister is a singer, and she herself hopes to study for the stage in the autumn

Lady Napier played "bicycle-boy" to her two sons, John and Robin, aged five and seven

Surrey Week-end Cottage

Lady Napier and Her Sons and Some Friends

Photographs by Swaebe

Below are Robin and John Napier pulling their "Neddy" with Brenda Touche and Patrick Sherwood "up," Anthony Gater pushing behind. Parents of the Napier boys' guests are Sir Norman and Lady Touche, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sherwood, and Sir George and Lady Gater

The cottage is called Parklands

Sir Joseph and Lady Napier have a house in Chelsea, but for summer weeks and week-ends they have this attractive old cottage at Forest Green, near Ockley, which they rescued from chicken-farm oblivion. Inside are oak beams and whitewashed walls, outside a garden which only a short time ago was a field and which Lady Napier planned, tennis courts, an old barn converted into the children's playroom. Sir Joseph Napier, away playing village cricket when these photographs were taken, is the fourth baronet, succeeded during the war when he was fighting in Gallipoli (he was taken prisoner by the Turks in Mesopotamia two years later). His wife was Isabel Surtees before her 1931 marriage; she is the daughter of Major H. Siward Surtees, of Redworth Hall, Durham. Besides her two boys, and her houses and garden, her own interests are painting and sculpture, and she and her husband shoot, fish, ski and play tennis together

"Bystander" Short Story

Ah, the University!

By John Collier

Illustration by John Austen

THERE was an old father who dearly loved his only son. Accordingly, when the boy was a lubber youngster of some eighteen years, the old man sent for him and, with a benevolent glimmer of his horn-rimmed spectacles, "Well, Jack," says he, the boy's name being Jack, "Well, Jack," says he, "you are now done with school. No doubt you are looking forward to going to the University?"

"Yes, Dad," says the son, "I am."

"You show good judgment," says the father. "The best, the fullest and the jolliest years of one's whole life are unquestionably those which are spent at the University. Apart from the vast honeycomb of learning, the mellow voices of the professors, the venerable grey buildings, and the atmosphere of culture and refinement, there is the delight of being in possession of a comfortable allowance. . . ."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"Rooms of one's own," said the father, "little dinners to one's friends, endless tick with the tradespeople, pipes, cigars, claret, Burgundy, suits of clothes. . . ."

"Yes, Dad," said the son.

"There are exclusive little clubs," said the old man, "all sorts of sports, May weeks, theatricals, balls, parties, rags, binges, scaling of walls, dodging of proctors, fun of every conceivable description."

"Yes! Yes, Dad!" cried the son.

"Girls, even," said the old man.

The son here made a sound of some ambiguity.

"You are a growing lad, Jack," said his father. "We have always been very frank with one another. Yes, I think I may say girls, even. Ah, first love! First love! Second and third also! Certainly nothing in the world is more delightful than being at the University. The spring-time of life! Pleasure after pleasure! The world seems a whole dozen of Whitstable natives, each one with a pearl in it. Ah, the University! However, I am not going to send you there."

"Then why the hell," said poor Jack, "do you go on so about it?"

"I did so," said his father, "in order that you might not think I was carelessly under-estimating the pleasures I must call upon you to renounce. You see, Jack, my health is not of the best: nothing but champagne agrees with me, and if I smoke a second-class cigar I get a vile taste in my mouth. Since your dear mother died my expenses have mounted abominably. I shall have very little to leave you, yet my dearest wish is to see you in a comfortable way of life."

"If that is your wish," said Jack, "you might gratify it by paying me a visit at the University."

"We have to think of the future, Jack," said his father. "You will have your living to earn. Unless you are content to be a schoolmaster or a curate, you are not likely to gain any great advantage from the University."

"Then what am I to be?" enquired the young man very pessimistically.

"I read only a little while ago," said the old man with a smile, "the following words, which flashed like sudden lightning upon the gloom in which I was pondering your future. '*Most players are weak.*' The words came from a little brochure upon the delightful and universally popular game of poker."

"I don't see, though——" began the son.

"It is, moreover," said the old man, "a game which is played for counters, commonly called 'chips,' and each of these counters, or 'chips,' as they call them, represents an agreeable sum of money. Because, my dear boy, all money is agreeable, large or small, not for its own sake—never think that—but for the sake of what——"

"Do you mean," cried the son in surprise, "that I am to be a card-sharper?"

"Nothing of the sort," replied the old man promptly. "I could have wished, my son, that you knew your father better than to dream of such a thing. Besides, '*Most players are weak.*' That excellent phrase disposes of the necessity. It is sufficient to be strong. I am asking you to be strong, Jack. I am asking you to show initiative, individuality, something of the pioneer spirit. Why learn what everyone else is learning? Why cram with the ordinary horde into stuffy lecture-rooms and libraries? Why burn the midnight oil in hope of winning a poor academic distinction, which countless others win also, and which the world holds as naught?"

"All the same," said Jack, "I should like to go to the University."

"Have you never considered," said his father, "that while thousands spend their precious time, and their parents' money, in fitting themselves only to cut one another's throats shortly afterwards, for the sake of a second-rate job, there is no record of any youngster who has set himself to study this excellent game (a great builder of character) as systematically as others study languages, science, mathematics, and so forth? You, my dear boy, shall be the first. The first to tackle it as a student, which is very different from being either a gullish amateur or a seedy cheat. You have your old father behind you. In fact, I have set aside a cosy little room, with chair, table, and a completely new pack of cards. A bookshelf contains several standard works upon the game, and a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain hangs above the mantelpiece."

The young man protested a good deal: he repeated that he would rather go to the University. His father enlarged on the enormous potentialities of poker, describing vividly how he might increase even the tiniest capital, and soon rise from the tables of clerks and commercial travellers to the winning of handsome sums in the best clubs of Europe and America. So Jack set himself reluctantly to study, worked hard, mastered the books, practised with his pack of cards till the spots were worn off them, and at the end of the second year he set out into the world with his father's blessing and enough cash to sit in on a few games at a penny ante.

The old man, having seen the back of him, returned to his glass of champagne and his first-rate cigar, and those other little pleasures which are the solace of the old and the lonely. He was getting on very well with these when one day the telephone bell rang: it was an overseas call, and who should it be but Jack, whose very existence the good old man had completely forgotten.

"Hullo, Dad!" cried the son in tones of great excitement. "I'm in Paris, Dad. I'm sitting in on a game of poker. Dad, I'm playing with some Americans."

"Good luck to you," said the old man, preparing to hang up the receiver.

"Listen, Dad!" cried the son. "It's like this. Well—not to put too fine a point on it—just for once I'm playing without any limit."

"Lord have mercy on you!" said the old man. "After all your studies! I'd rather see a son of mine dead at my feet than sitting in a poker game without any limit."

"There's two of them still in," said the son. "Dad, they're raising me. They've raised me fifty thousand dollars. I've put up already every cent I've got in the world——"

"I would rather," groaned the old man, "see a son of mine at the University than in such a situation."

"But," cried the young man, "I've got four kings, Dad!"

"Be sure," said the old man, "that they have aces or straight flushes. Americans always have. Back down, my poor boy. Go out and play for cigarette-ends with the habitués of your doss-house. From these you may rise to cigar-ends, from cigar-ends to centimes, from centimes to——"

"But, listen, Dad!" cried the son. "This is a stud round. I've seen an ace chucked in. I've seen tens and fives chucked in. There isn't a straight flush possible. I'm on a stone ginger."

"Is that so?" cried the old man. "Never let it be said I didn't stand behind my boy. Hold everything. I'm coming to your assistance."

(*Concluded on page* viii)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Slight Intoxication

By V. S. Pritchett

"It is a pity—a hell of a pity," General Sir Ian Hamilton says somewhere in his enchanting autobiography, *When I Was a Boy* (Faber; 18*s*.), "that I don't write better." Writing drafts for Secretaries for War and Commanders-in-Chief were, he says, the ruin of his style for "they ran their pens through any phrase not worn as threadbare as a lodging-house stair-carpet by common usage, and substituted a piece of the stair-carpet." It 's nonsense, of course, and I bet he knows it. When the Scots are roused—and the Hamiltons were always roused, the "dose of Vereker blood causing us to move through our earthly sojourn as if we were slightly intoxicated"—the Scottish vanity reaches an apotheosis and is transfigured by a feeling for style for its own sake which has no equal in the British Isles. So this is a rich, vital, self-conscious book, dancing with egotism and vigorous humour and without heartiness. Sir Ian has none of the Philistinism of the English Generals. The bubbling life at Hafton, where the big house and its relations lived self-contained like a toughish principality, is followed by the ordeal of Cheam under the cramming and bullying system of Tabor; then Wellington and Sandhurst follow. It could be so conventional—it usually is—but not with Sir Ian blowing a keen glow into the old coals.

The discipline of the Victorians went with an almost brutal vitality; tight-lacing of body and soul fantasticated the energies within. There is a marvellous account of a Hafton Sunday here, with everything in, including the myriad flies dancing like smoke over the horses' heads as the frock-coated and crinolined caravan, straining at every button, was trotted to kirk. The Free, the U.P. and Methodists were mad, according to Grandpapa, and on the subject of God his was the last word, though Uncle Harry and Aunt Cam might exchange a subversive glance and signal a private amendment. But there was nothing to be done about it. After one of Dr. Clark's two-hour sermons, there was a break for lunch at the butcher's shop with "balm beer" for the children and claret for the grown-ups—and then back to a second dose of Dr. Clark, a pause for tea, with wicked Uncle Archie sucking a South American drink out of a gourd, and then Sunday School in the gun-room with Aunt Cam at the harmonium. Sir Ian still believes in God.

And even in the classics—though Tabor's method at Cheam was to clout and birch Homer into the underfed bodies of his pupils. What is knocked in, after all, does usually stay in. There is something to be said for the Victorian view that children are a lower civilisation—like the Nazis, say, who have got a long way to go yet. And Sir Ian did turn out to be an attractive mixture of the tough young animal and the cultivated young man. His methods combined the romantic, the ingenuous and the practical. To pick up a pair of French demi-mondaines in the Burlington Arcade—in spite of all Aunt Cam's warnings about the dangers of arcades—in the middle of the Army exam. in order to get a rapid French lesson out of them against the terror of the coming viva, was inspired. I said ingenuous: Sir Ian does not forget, as so many writers do, the charming virtue of the young, their decorous reserve before the exuberance of sin.

General Sir Ian Hamilton

Sir Ian Hamilton has written his autobiography "When I Was a Boy," which is reviewed on this page. Like his father before him he went into the Gordon Highlanders, and wears the full-dress uniform here

"The Conquest of Life" (Allen and Unwin; 7*s*. 6*d*.) admirably translated by Mr. Edward Crankshaw is another volume from that huge series, *The History of a Society* in which M. René Béhaine has traced the decline of a French aristocratic family. Michel, who appeared as a boy in *The Survivors* (published last year) is now a young student and in the midst of an adolescent love affair with one of the de Laignes, and, against the Dreyfus case which rumbles and brawls in the background, M. Béhaine analyses with the exquisite precision of some botanist of human feeling, the magniloquent pains and elusive esctasies of the two young people. To describe adolescent love faithfully and interestingly is one of the most difficult tasks a novelist can set himself; it is hard, in stability and maturity, to remember the constantly altering climate of a period of life when feeling is always being falsified by daily growth and when pose does not mean insincerity. The French have one advantage over us in writing about this time; they consider priggishness to be no sin. The solemnity of the young seems to them to be as natural and estimable as the solemnity of the old. This attitude has, of course, led French novelists to passages of monumental humourlessness, and has produced a dreadful procession of conceited young amorists going to their rendezvous with an unspeakable mixture of pomposity and meanness. But M. Béhaine is free of this Latin brand of sentimentality. Michel's egotism, Catherine's changeableness, the lectures they read each other, the outburst to parents, the enormous confidences to friends, are seen with an exquisite exactitude—and exactitude of this kind is a bore if it is not exquisite. There lies the art—in that and in the contrast of this sighing with the bitter sardonic brawling of the Dreyfus business in the streets.

There is a vogue for the kind of travel which is full of personal stuff and Mr. Brewster's book about Crete, *The Island of Zeus* (Duckworth; 15*s*.), tells pretty well as much about his colds, his irritability, the miseries of travel on the cheap and the petty fret of being in an uncomfortable country, as it does about the country itself. I got as fed up with his nerves as he did with the constant rain and his temperamental donkey; but in his less personal moments, Mr. Brewster is pleasingly instructive about an island which is packed with instruction and he has an eye for character.

Mr Derek Patmore's *Invitation to Rumania* (Macmillan; 10/6) is a useful, intelligent and pleasantly unconventional introduction to a country which is little known to us and has taken a sudden, flattering fancy for the English. The Rumanians look to us to stabilise Europe, yet if a war came, they have little faith in help from the West. The peasant and the mud, they say, are their real Allies. The hospitality, such as Mr. Patmore received among the great, was in the grand manner: "I'm afraid dinner may be late," Alexandre told us. "But I have two surprises for you. First, I have asked the gypsy orchestra to come up from the village. The second . . . a *volupté noire*. . . ." This was not something the gypsies did afterwards but caviar ordered from an enormous distance by special train.

Novels recommended:

Child of Misfortune. Cecil Day Lewis. (Cape; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

The Disappearing Duchess. By Maud Cairnes. (Duckworth; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

The Devil in Greenlands. By John Newton Chance. (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

"BACKGROUND dresses" should have a place of their own in the wardrobe. There are hats—or furs—or jewels that like a clear stage, and it 's a clever woman who sees this need and chooses a frock accordingly. Grey, as well as black, makes a good "backcloth." These frocks, for instance, charming in themselves, would make a perfect stage for a hat more extreme than the kind you usually affect. The frock in the large picture is softly striped in tones of grey, red and green; the other is in plain grey. Red, of course, is a starred colour for autumn. You 'll be seeing a lot of it—a bright, true red, with none of the sentimentality of the current cyclamen colours. One of the newest hats is made in this clear colour. It is trimmed with a black "pom-pom" of fur and upstanding petersham "ears." Try a hat as dramatic as this with a frock as dramatically plain; you 'll like the result

Evening Glamour and Morning Glory

SOFT sculptured scroll curls above a serene brow as she watches the ballet from her box. "It's charming, isn't it" . . . and as she turns you can see how the curls fall behind her ears and build out the back of the head to an almost classical moulding. The beauty of this coiffure by Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, is that it can be combed into such attractive informality. The lower picture shows how the formal curls can be swept away and the stylised coiffure converted into careless, effortless loveliness. This is made possible by the original setting. The head was entirely set into shell curls with different "movements," which allows much greater variety in the ultimate style But in any coiffure much of the success depends on the permanent wave. No client at Emile has a permanent wave without a previous consultation to decide upon which system shall be used. One of the most popular to-day is the Emile system of Wireless Waving. This dispenses with all kinds of attachments and leaves you free to move about—if you care to—during the process. An effective method for the new styles is the "Mixed Winding" technique. For this each section of the hair is treated in accordance with the style in which it is to be worn. Thus it is possible to get soft gentle waves on the top of the head, and strong curls at the ends of the hair. But again, this method is only suitable for certain heads. Your own hair may have a natural wave "on top" and simply needs a little "encouragement" to curl at the ends. Whatever your hair type, Emile will be able to deal with it, and his experts will give you a hair style which is more characteristically yours than you knew was possible

The Bystander Twins in search of

discovered by peta

pictured by paon

When the dinner arrives at the nuts and coffee stage one is usually ready for a diversion. These hand-carved wooden nutcrackers in the shape of a man's face will provide it. Very light in weight and most efficient, from Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington

"Help yourself to cream" . . . "after you" . . . this sort of polite inanity is short-circuited by these sets of four painted glass cream jugs. Serve one to each guest with the fruit. From Derry and Toms, and only 3s. 6d. the set

Lots to do with these in the nursery: here are characters from nursery rhymes cut out and coloured. The "stand" (or scenery) has a grooved front and by arranging the figures in the holder a complete and continuous picture-story is built. Good birthday present from an aunt; the price is one guinea from Hamley's, Regent Street

To wear with cotton frocks: a cotton print turban that has the becoming squareness of a Flemish bonnet. Just enough to subdue your hair attractively; 12/11 from the hat department, Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

A little knowledge on racing does nobody harm, so Hamley's have a series of mounted jockeys, each wearing the colours of a famous owner. Jockey and horse together cost 1s. 3d. Take the opportunity when you're in of seeing the fitted training stable. Fascinating, and complete with all the stable accessories

Something that all the bridesmaids will like. Debenham and Freebody will make this flippant little toque in any colour you choose for 27s. 6d. In shaded tulle, and becoming to all shapes and sizes of bridesmaids

Women in Uniform: The Royal Review in Hyde Park

100,000 people watched 20,000 of their representatives in the new "citizen army" of Great Britain march around Hyde Park last Sunday week. Focal point of the parade was the saluting base (below, left), where for an hour and a half the King and Queen and Queen Mary watched the marching and mechanised columns passing. The King took the salute for forty minutes while the foot units went by, through some heavy showers. Several of the Women's Services are appearing in our "Women in Uniform" series, which will be continued next week with A.R.P. in Chelsea. (Last week—the A.T.S. in camp near Malvern)

Sea, Land and Air

The March Past had its lighter aspect as a fashion parade. The khaki of the A.T.S., dark blue of the W.R.N.S., grey-blue of the Women's Auxiliary Air Service, tin-hats and waterproofs of the London Ambulance Services, and the breeches and jerseys of the Land Army, pretty well cover the various new styles available for women in National Service. Most becoming headgear is, surprisingly, the once-derided tin-hat

Latest Thing in Uniforms

The Women's Auxiliary Air Service uniform, in cut and colour similar to the R.A.F. model, made its first appearance at the Royal Review. A detachment of this newest Service for women marched behind the Civil Air Guard in the R.A.F. section

Marching Past in the Rain

Unluckiest of marchers, from the weather point of view, were the various nursing services in their caps, veils, short-sleeved overalls. Through the end of a shower came the Civil Nursing Reserve past the saluting base, followed by tin-hatted and waterproofed London Ambulance Services

Land Girls, 1939

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith held a special inspection of the Women's Land Army detachments, in their breeches, green jerseys, stout shoes and stockings, felt hats, before the Hyde Park review

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

Champions of to-morrow, photographed on the G.R.A. Staffordshire breeding grounds. For each tiny puppy it is kindergarten. Untouched by human hands, watched over with kindly understanding, he is free to develop physically, enjoying his play on the wild heathered moorlands.

Not until the time comes for him to transfer to the famous G.R.A. kennels at Northaw, Middlesex, does the puppy's "higher education" begin . . . wearing a dog's collar, learning to lead, breaking from the trap—in fact, learning to race. Gradually, in this great school of experience, he develops into a polished racing greyhound flashing round the White City Racecourse at nearly 40 m.p.h.

The Eton and Winchester Match was a Draw Again

The Hon. George Douglas-Home is at Eton, his brother, the Hon. William Douglas-Home, is an Old Etonian (also a young actor-playwright), and for feminine support they had Miss Kathleen Kennedy and their sister, Lady Bridget Douglas-Home. Four nights later William Douglas-Home was in the Kennedy party at the Independence Day ball at the Dorchester

Etonian Trio

Another Etonian to regret the dreary draw which ended two days' play, was sixteen-year-old Lord Oliver FitzRoy, the Duke of Grafton's son. With him are his sister, Lady Anne FitzRoy, and Miss Mary FitzRoy

The Social Out-of-Doors

"Locals" at Henley

Left: the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor (Jeanne Stourton that was) live at Henley-on-Thames, so the Regatta is no great outing for them. They were watching on the opening day

Feathers and Flowers at a Garden Party

Garden Seat Trio at the Same Party

Lady Milford Haven, with a bird on her hat, and Miss Dorothy Dickson, with a flower on hers, were at the garden party Lady Zia Wernher gave at Someries House, Regent's Park, on the one fine hot day last week. The trio on the garden seat above are Miss Felicity Harrison, her sister, Lady Lewis, and Miss Rosalind Cubitt, debutante daughter of the Hon. Roland Cubitt (see p. 74). The party was in connection with the University College Hospital Christmas Market

Side-Saddle

Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper was a competitor at the Royal Show in Windsor Great Park. It was the "Royal's" centenary, and a record for entries and attendance

Champion Owner

Lord Rosebery, whose daughter, Lady Helen Smith, was with him, had a big success at the Royal Show. His Aberdeen-Angus bull, Bemaster of Dalmeny, was made male champion of its class, and won a Silver Trophy and a Gold Medal

Horse Experts

Lord Daresbury, joint-Master of the Belvoir, was at the Royal Show, and so was his mother, the Dowager Lady Daresbury. They were talking to Major Faudel-Phillips on the opening day

Royal Donkey Barouche

Lord Digby's youngest daughter Jaquetta drove, in the old-time vehicles parade, the donkey barouche presented by Queen Adelaide to the Royal children in 1846 and lent by the King. Her father had a winning colt foal in one of the hunters' classes

The Honorary Director, Mr. V. Roland Burke, had the K.C.V.O. conferred on him by the King, when he and the Queen visited the Royal Show on Wednesday last week. The new knight has been connected with the Royal Agricultural Society's annual gathering for farmers, landowners, breeders, and their animals, for the last forty-three years

Royal Show Honorary Director

Astride

Lady Stavordale was another "Royal" competitor. Her husband's mare Orthodox was placed fourth in one of the riding classes for hunters

Imperial Airways Chairman

Sir John Reith and his wife and small daughter walked around the Windsor Great Park ground on the Wednesday, when the King and Queen were also there. He went from Broadcasting House to Imperial Airways last year

Buck's Club at Le Touquet

Carlos Clarke Family Party

Le Touquet was packed with its English regulars for the Buck's Club golf week-end. Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were there, and so was his son, Sandy Clarke, and with them above is Miss Mollie Du Pree

Club Genius and Sunday Reader

Captain Herbert Buckmaster, presiding genius of the club that bears his name, stopped to talk to Mrs. A. W. Stanley as she sat on the golf club terrace with the Sunday paper

Jackets, Striped and Plain

Lady Castlerosse in her striped jacket and white skirt looked fresh and neat for a fine but not so hot summer morning by the sea. The plain jacket, shirt and trousers were Lady Milton's; she went over with her husband

Young Marrieds and Debutante's Father

Mrs. Robin Wilson walked round the golf course while her husband played with the Hon. Roland Cubitt. The latter has now joined the ranks of fathers of grown-up children, his daughter, Rosalind, being one of the season's debutantes (see p. 72)

Tee-side Shot

Lady Burney, American wife of designer Sir Dennistoun Burney, went over to Le Touquet for the Buck's Club week-end and played energetic golf herself

Demonstration

Lord Gage watched Lord Milton demonstrate his theory of how to hit the ball the longest distance in the straightest line, and waited until it was his own turn in the argument. The turf was too well mown to provide daisies for the demonstration

HAIG in every HOME

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Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Qualifying at St. Andrews

THE qualifying rounds for the Open Championship do not, as a rule, provide us with many thrills, although it is true that on occasions a great player in danger of not qualifying does produce most interesting and exciting golf. Two of the best rounds I have ever seen were played in the qualifying stages of the Open Championship by men in very grave danger of not qualifying. The first of these rounds was played by Jim Barnes on the course of the Royal St. Georges G.C. at Sandwich in 1922, and the second by Craig Wood on the New Course at St. Andrews in 1933.

Barnes had played a very bad round on the first day, and that evening Walter Hagen pulled his leg unmercifully, but in a friendly manner, by introducing him to all the locals as they entered the billiard-room of the Old Bull Hotel at Sandwich for their evening ale, and then saying in a loud whisper: "Poor old Jim won't qualify." Next day I watched Barnes and I have never seen anyone play better or make the game look so easy. Everything went badly for him—if the ball could possibly kick the wrong way for him it did, and also went into the hole and out again on more than one occasion and yet he was round in 71 and quite safe. What he would have been round in if the luck had been with him, goodness only knows!

Craig Wood's effort to qualify in 1933 was a very different performance. He was not playing with any confidence and did not know the New Course at all well. He got a bad start, and when, in spite of taking an iron for safety from the sixth tee, he hit his tee shot barely seventy yards, he appeared doomed. He was lucky, however, to find his ball lying on a path between two bunkers and managed to scramble a five. After this hole he pulled himself together and fought most bravely, and it was clear that he could not waste another shot. He played perfectly until he reached the sixteenth tee, except for a severe rebuff at the thirteenth hole. Here he put his tee shot three yards to the right of the hole, went full out for a two, ran a few feet past, and missed the putt back. He got this shot back with a three at the fourteenth, and after playing the fifteenth perfectly, scrambled fours at the last three holes, getting down in a chip and a putt at all of them, and even then he was not absolutely certain of qualifying. As everyone now knows, he did qualify, and then tied with Densmore Shute, only to lose the play-off.

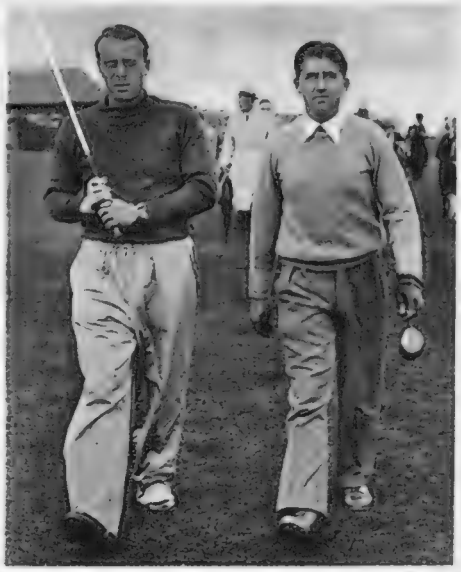
THIS year, for the first time, the leader of the qualifying rounds receives a prize, and I think everyone will agree with me that he will have thoroughly earned it. So many golfers have done extremely well in the qualifying and then done no good at all in the championship proper or in important events later on. In fact, there is a superstition that the leader of the qualifying will not win the championship. Cotton did do both at Sandwich in 1934; in 1936 he led the qualifying, but could only finish third to Padgham and Jim Adams. This year, as usual, there were some very fine performances in the qualifying rounds.

Bruen's 69 on the Old Course is, in my opinion, the best round ever played on this course; it included two sixes and also two penalty strokes. He did not start well: at the first hole his approach putt ran well past the hole and he had to hole a nasty putt for his four. At the second he hit his tee shot into the whins on the right and deemed his ball unplayable, so had to play three from the tee and took his first six. At the fifth hole, after two good shots, he knocked three shots into four. He had threes at the third, sixth, eighth, and ninth holes and was out in 36—the par score. Coming home he failed to get his three at the twelfth, but had threes at the short eleventh, the tenth, and the eighteenth. At the Long Hole In he just carried Hell with his second and then, with a good approach and one putt, got his four here. He had shortish putts for threes at the fifteenth and sixteenth holes, but did not hole them. A score of 33 home was really wonderful, and it was done so easily that it might have been even better. To incur two penalty strokes so early in the round as the second hole and then go his way rejoicing says much for Bruen's temperament. It would have had a very bad effect on many golfers much older and much more experienced than he.

IT was nice to see on the Monday another young amateur, L. C. Nunneley, with the leaders. Nunneley, who plays for the Old Malvernians in the Halford Hewitt Cup, used to play most of his golf at Wentworth, but now generally plays at Walton Heath; he returned 72 on the Old Course.

Percy Alliss, who failed to qualify at St. Andrews in 1933, was taking no chances this year, and started with a 69 on the New Course and confirmed what I wrote about him in the issue of the BYSTANDER of July 5th. I am writing from St. Andrews, and as I write there are still some more players to come in. It looks certain at the present time that everyone who ought to, except Jurado and Sam King, will qualify. The champion, Locke, and Cotton and also Perry are already safe bar unlikely accidents. Perry has been suffering from tonsilitis and tells me his legs are still weak and that he cannot hit against his left leg in comfort. He played beautifully on the Monday, when, with the luck against him, he returned 74 on the Old Course.

The Open Championship: First Rounds



Mr. James Bruen (Cork), after doing the first qualifying round in 69, had a score of 72+75=147 for the first two championship rounds. Mr. John Baillieu (Royal Melbourne), with 77+79=156, failed to reach the final rounds

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley (R. and A.) and W. Lawson Little (U.S.A.) both misscd 150, the first with 75 + 80 = 155, the second with 79 + 80 = 159. The latter's first qualifying round score was 69

Another non-qualifier was Mr. J. Hawkins (Maidenhead) with 78 + 83 = 161. With him is A. D. Locke, whose score was 70+75=145, including an 8 and a 7 at the Long Hole In

Mr. A. T. Kyle (Sand Moor) qualified with 74+76=150, but Mr. Donald Cameron (Kirkintilloch) failed with a score of 78 + 79 = 157. R. Burton (Sale) led after the first two rounds with 70 + 72 = 142

This England . . .

Newton Flotman—Norfolk

SPEED the plough . . . once more the cry is heard in our land; yet are we so sure now what it means? More corn, says the townsman. Perhaps—in good time. But when grassland has been ploughed (and mayhap cross-ploughed) and harrowed and made clean, some soil will prove poor and some over-rich. First crops, then, must be chosen to suit the soil—not us; linseed perhaps, or cabbages, or roots. For we are ploughing up not to grow more "corn" but to put more land in good heart against our need. Slow—yet so do we come by the truest riches, in patient labour and ancient skill. This way alone will you have the perfect seed-bed for the golden barley, the richest malt for the brewery, and the re-captured sunshine of our Worthington—to put Englishmen in good heart.

. . . by Worthington

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Belgium, Burnham and Bolton

Girls' Championship Entry Form will appear July 26th.

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form will appear August 23rd.

PARLIAMENTARY Ladies' golf is an extremely live wire nowadays, and their latest enterprise, originating with the Hon. Mrs. Frederic Anson, was nothing more nor less than to send two teams, captained respectively by Mrs. Idina Mills and Lady Brecknock, to Le Zoute, Belgium, for a week-end. Everything went with a tremendous swing, such delightful entertaining, and so much hospitality and kindness and real sporting spirit: more could hardly have been done if the sixteen lucky ones had been "legitimate Members of Parliament," as M. Gaston Perier, Captain of Lekkerbek, said he was so glad they were *not*, in the most amusing speech which he made when both teams were entertained there to lunch. That was the day his Excellency the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Clive, came to see the teams start off for the principal event of the tour, the match against the all-Belgian team collected by Mme. Stellaerts.

Belgium had matters well in hand on the morning foursomes, for their two top pairs, Mlle. Oury and Mme. J. Laurencin, and Mlle. de Thomaz and Mlle. Wiener, beat Mrs. Idina Mills and Miss J. Barnes-Gorell and Mrs. John Morrison and Mrs. C. R. Style respectively, and as Belgium's B team beat Parliamentary B team by 3 to 1, the total foursomes result stood at Belgium 5, Parliamentary 3.

Then followed the most delightful luncheon party, with Sir Robert and Lady Clive among the guests, after which came singles on the Outer Course. Mrs. Mills led off with a last green win from Mlle. Oury, and the Parliamentary won by 4½ to 3½ for the A team, 5½ to 2½ the B. That made the whole day a Parliamentary win for A and B teams, too, by 6½ to 5½ each. Then a cocktail party, given by Mme. Stellaerts at the Tennis Club.

On the Monday Captain Beatty Smyth, secretary of the Royal Golf Club de Belgique, invited the teams over to Le Coq S./M., and gave prizes for the Parliamentary team only, who returned the compliment to their opponents, with the result that Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Sydney Hankey and Mme. le Groeux came away winners.

Another marvellous lunch at Le Coq; in fact, the whole week-end was an unmitigated success, and both teams are looking forward to a return match in England next year. The kindness and forethought of the Royal Zoute Club and Major Herbert, the welcome given the team by Baron and Baronne de Molembaix, Mme. May, English residents, and Belgian team, the delightful comfort of the Memlinc Hotel, have all set a standard which will take some living up to next year. But if I know anything about Parliamentary golf, it will be done.

Belgian v. Parliamentary Golf at Le Zoute

Two teams of Parliamentary L.G.A. golfers went over to Le Zoute to meet their Belgian opponents. Miss Helme writes of their matches in her article. In the picture the Belgian captain, Mme. Stellaerts, is in the middle row, between Mrs. Idina Mills and Lady Brecknock, who captained the Parliamentary teams

The "Fairway and Hazard" Gold Cup at West Hill

A. G. Morton (right) won the Gold Cup with a net score of 68+36=104 for the 27 holes. With him is R. Pearcy, who returned 77+39=116

Miss Dix Perkin (right) won the scratch prize for the morning's 18 holes with 77 gross. Her net score was 73+42=115. Mrs. John Gage returned 87+41=128

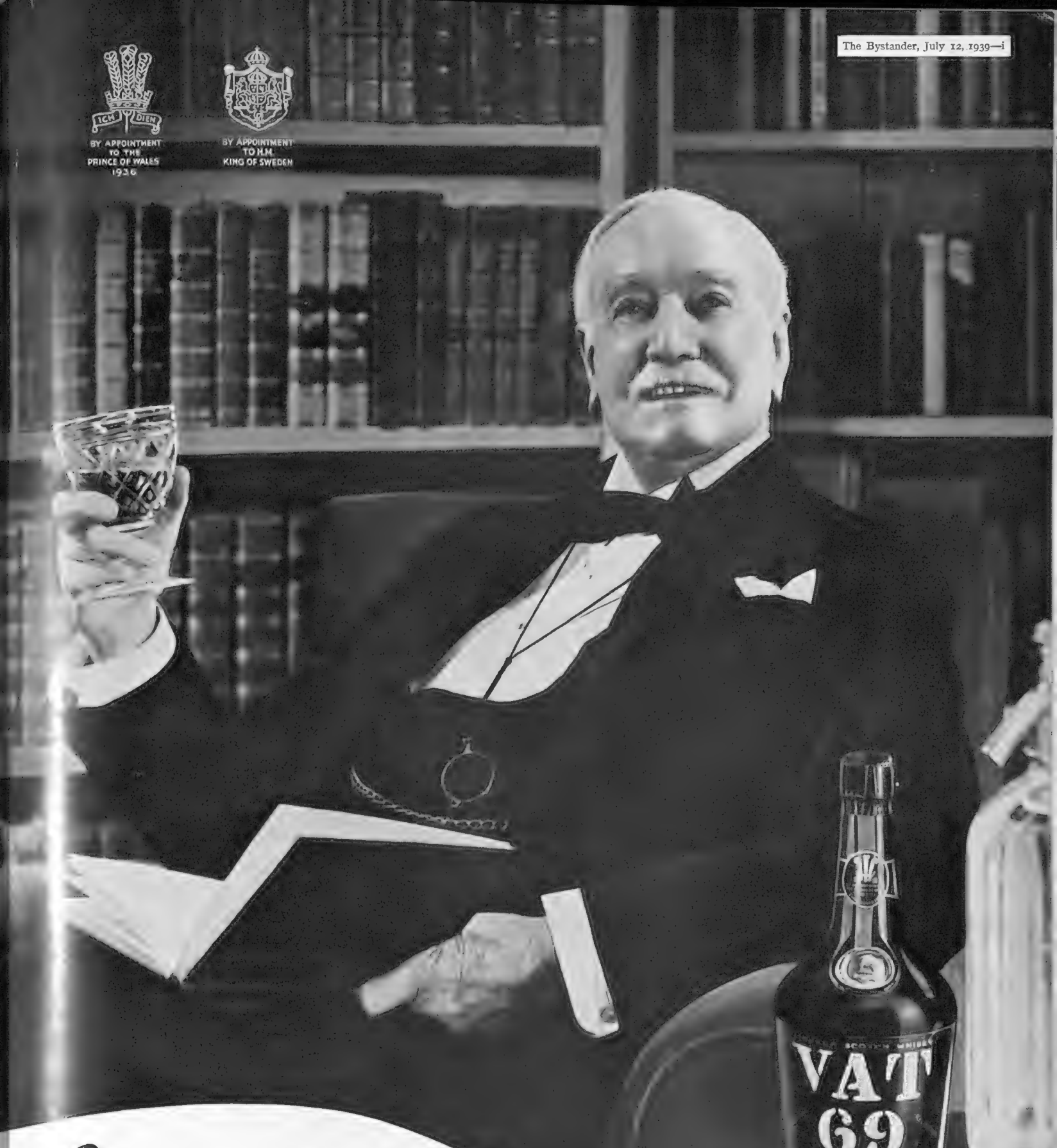
THE South-Western championship, too, though it may have a bigger entry another year, can hardly have a cheerier meeting or better conditions than this year at Burnham. The sun hardly omitted to shine at any time, the clouds were merely picturesque adjuncts to the scenery, providing lights and shades over the Mendip and other hills; the wind never became really boisterous, and was even so obliging as to blow behind on both outward and inward journeys on the final morning.

Miss Vivienne Bramwell was a rightful winner. Miss Roskrow, with all her power and courage and possibilities, does, as yet, lack the experience which alone keeps a finalist down the centre of the course, gets her out of a bunker at the first attempt, and teaches that she must play for the pin, and not merely the green, with every shot. All those things Miss Roskrow can do on ordinary occasions; it is a final that finds out the joints in the armour. Miss Bramwell, on the other hand, worked steadily up all the week as polo receded and golf came more into the picture, until in the final it was a very finished display, anyway, in the morning when her 77—from men's forward tees—was as good as anybody could have done.

TAKING up the story from where it left off last week means telling how she beat Miss Dent, ex-Devon champion on the last green, though Miss Dent holed long putts to the bitter end, and how she then withstood a great start by Miss Shelagh Gibbs, and only won, so far as may be judged, by putting her tee shot dead at the fifteenth. Miss Roskrow, meantime, had a very busy morning beating Miss Soper, who refused most resolutely to be shaken off until the sixteenth, and then an equally tough afternoon, for after winning the first three holes against that determined player, Mrs. Dickinson, she only won by holing a two-yarder to halve the sixteenth in 4.

As for the final, Miss Bramwell went away with a run in the morning, seven up at the turn, and five up at lunch, although Miss Roskrow played the last five holes brilliantly in two under fours. Miss Roskrow won four out of the first five holes after lunch, but after having the sixth at her mercy, she only scrambled a half, and then away went Miss Bramwell, pitching and putting quite beautifully until she had won by 5 and 3.

THERE was a great gathering at Bolton for the Lancashire inter-club championship, Birkdale's gallant four, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Barbour, Miss Greenwood and Mrs. Goldsworth winning both the scratch and the handicap events for them, with 342 and 323 respectively, with Pleasington runner-up in each. Miss Jessie Firth's 78 was the best scratch score of the day, 75 not being a very accessible par in the wind and the rain.



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VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

Gardener's Chronicle

Boundaries and Hedges

By R. C. Jenkinson

Outsides

LAST week I wrote of a semi-wild garden. To-day I am going to talk first of plants suitable to surround gardens of whatever size; secondly, of hedge plants for garden compartments or more intimate wind-screens.

The first may have two purposes: either to protect against wind, or to shut out an ugly view, or both. The factors to be considered are height, growing-speed and density.

Now it is a fallacy to think that a wall will stop wind. What happens when the prevailing wind strikes a wall is this: the wind hits the wall, bounces over it, and comes down ferociously on everything beyond the wall, excepting those actually trained against it. A wall, therefore, is not a protection against wind, but a decorative or useful (for fruit trees or tender shrubs) entity.

For hiding ugliness speed is the great factor, and for this nothing is better than poplar or some willows; Populus Generosa and Eugenii, Salix Solomonii and Babylonica are all good, fast-growing and decorative, especially the two latter, whose stems are attractive in winter — orange-pink. But probably a more enduring effect will be required, therefore these poplars or willows should be interplanted with other trees, tall and medium; cupressus, spruce, lime, beech, chestnut, to mention only a few, can be used, and as they grow up the nursemaids—poplar and willow—can be cut out.

The advantage of trees, as against a wall, is that in the case of a wall the current of air meets a solid, which it hits and jumps, whereas with a belt of trees and shrubs in meeting a resilient obstacle it allows a broken passage of air at half strength. I repeat this to make my point.

Hedges

I WILL not presume to call your notice to yew—the finest of all evergreen hedges—nor box, holly, beech or hornbeam, all tried favourites, but there are so many other plants that should be more used for our purpose. The berberis family supply several good subjects: Stenophylla is glorious, up to ten feet; it needs shearing after flowering, and will then form an impenetrable obstacle, alike to wind and persons, becoming in early May a foaming mass of golden yellow. For rather lower hedges, Berberis Polyantha and its allied species or hybrids make charming deciduous brakes of informal shape, giving magnificent autumn colour.

Of all deciduous plants for backing a border I think I put sweet briar top. Its leaf-scent is adorable, and it need not be so hard-pruned but that it can throw arched sprays of pale-pink dog-roses.

Rosa Moyesii can make a fine rough edge, ten feet high and wide, scarlet in summer and equally brilliant in autumn, with its curious gourd-shaped hips.

One usually thinks of Pyracantha, with its flat heads of creamy flowers in June and laden with red, orange or yellow fruit throughout the winter—if the birds allow it!—as a wall plant. Nevertheless, few plants make a better dense, evergreen, neat hedge. Pyracantha Yunnanensis is one of the best—quick-growing, perfectly hardy, and with foliage of a nice bright green. All Pyracanthas hate being moved, so must be planted into their permanent positions as young as possible from pots.

Genista Virgata from Madeira makes a charming, soft, grey-green hedge. The biennial clipping that so fast a grower needs to keep it neat robs one, of course, of flower, but the texture and colour of foliage are first-class.

To anyone who wants a low plant I commend Fothergilla Monticola. It grows slowly up to about three feet, and as much across; it should not be pruned—any long, straggling shoots can be shortened individually. Its short, white bottle-brushes appear at the end of April, but its great claim to fame is when the hazel-like leaves take colour in autumn: then nothing is brighter, in every shade of yellow, flame and scarlet.

Another delightful informal dwarf hedge plant is Rhododendron Ciliatum; it has dark green hairy leaves, and in March or April produces freely its trusses of bell-shaped white flowers of quite different character, up to seven or eight feet, and loose, almost arching habit.

Rhododendron Yunnanensis—how many good plants come from this province of China!—makes a most lovely hedge. It grows quickly, flowers freely, and has evergreen lance-shaped leaves. The flowers are white on pale pink, spotted, more or less, with red; they are large, but when they come out it looks as though a host of butterflies had taken possession of the bush.

Berberis Stenophylla, *in early May a foaming mass of yellow, needs shearing after flowering, and will then form an impenetrable obstacle*

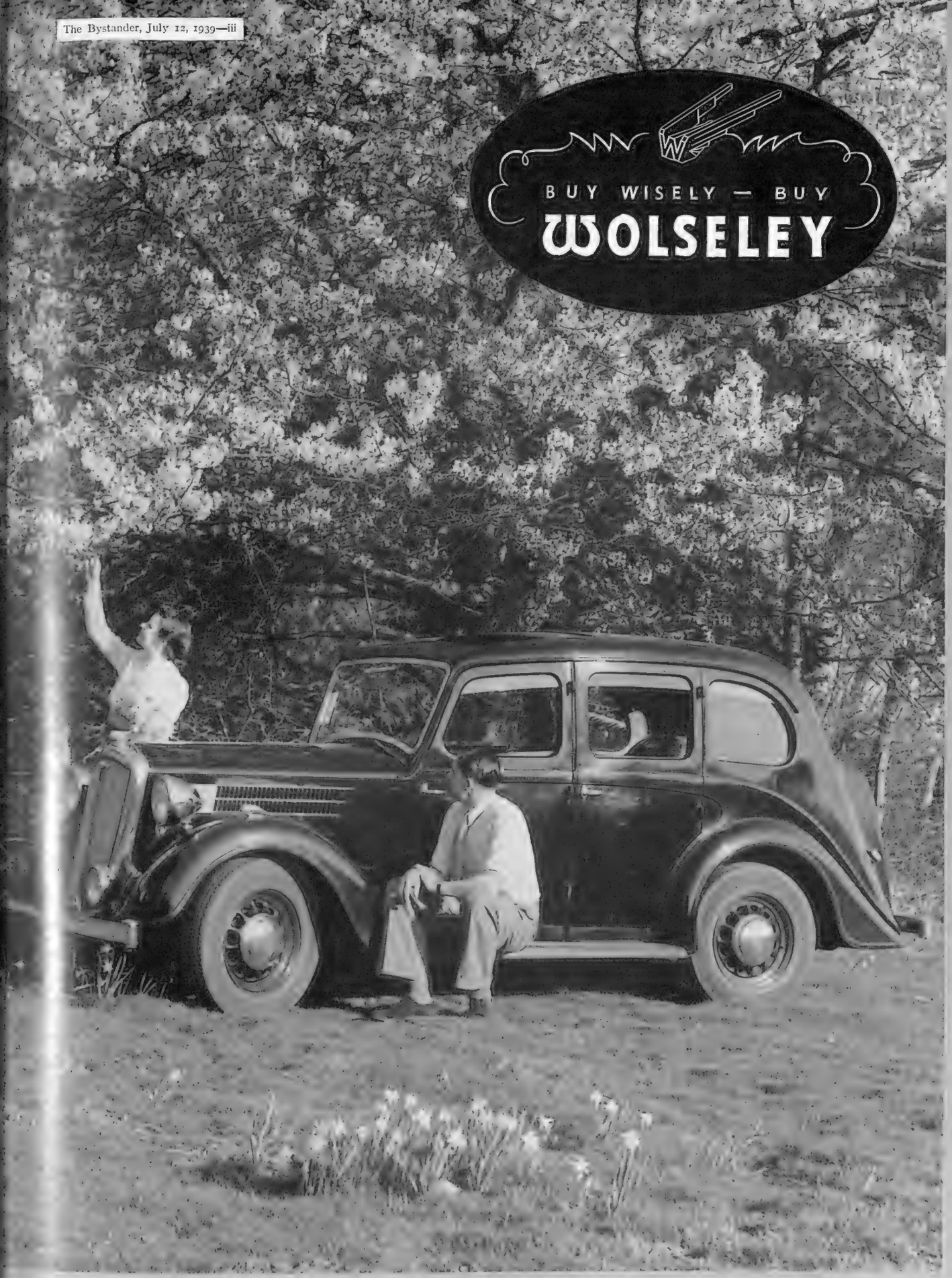
Cupressus Macrocarpa *is the handyman of hedges, for hiding ugliness or as a windscreen, when speed is the great factor*

For the Seaside

BY the sea, or in mild localities inland, few evergreens are more attractive for a screen up to twelve feet than Pittosporum Tenuifolium, with oval, wavy-edged glaucous green leaves. Apart from its beauty and value in the garden, about Christmas the florists covet every bit that is pruned from it. Griselinia Littoralis grows taller and is vivid light green, while in certain Cornish gardens the lovely Tricuspidaria Lanceolata, with narrow, dark green leaves, is used to make twenty-feet screens around their tender rhododendrons, and such a screen when hung with a myriad crimson Chinese lanterns is no mean sight.

Every South Coast resort has its hedges of Escallonia, fuchsia and veronica, all of which are good, even in inland gardens where it is not too severe in winter, while a year or so ago I saw the sweet-scented winter-flowering Viburnum Fragrans used as a screen at the back of a border, and most successful it was. This was in a Midland garden, so the plant is hardy enough.

Lastly, do not forget Philadelphus; it is so easy, so quick, and so free-flowering and sweet, and grows as well in the half-shade of tall trees as in the sun.



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***Winner** of the Crystal Palace Cup was Raymond Mays, in his 2-litre E.R.A. He was racing there for the first time for two years. His speed, 59·93 m.p.h., was a record, and he made a record for the two-mile lap at 60·97 m.p.h. Mr. Hess writes of the race in his article*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THERE is much talk nowadays of an impending rise in motor insurance rates. The fact that fantastically disproportionate damages are continually being awarded to third parties in accident claims is held to be the cause. It is my belief, however, that there are two other reasons, far more potent and far less obvious.

The first is the extraordinary pro-cyclist bias of most Police Court Benches—composed, be it remembered, largely of local tradesmen. This partisan treatment has now reached such a pitch that many insurance companies have made it an almost invariable practice to settle out of court any claims in which a cyclist is the plaintiff. To fight the case would be a waste of time and would merely serve to increase the expense to the extent of the costs.

Largely to blame for this state of affairs which, in my submission, strikes directly at the very principles of justice as we know it in this country, is the apathy shown towards those pests, the touting solicitors. These gentry, who have been aptly described as "ambulance-chasers," get wind of an accident—no matter how trivial—in which a cyclist and a motorist have been involved. They then chase up the cyclist and propose that they summons the motorist on a basis whereby they, the solicitors, shall bear the full costs if the action fails and shall go fifty-fifty with the cyclist if they "get away with it." Obviously this is an irresistible proposition to the average cyclist, who finds himself in the position of standing to gain without being able to lose. The solicitor, relying on the pro-cyclist attitude of the Bench, also knows that he can go ahead with little risk, as it is 10 to 1 that the matter will be settled out of court, and so we have the complete vicious circle.

But there is, I think, still another subtle cause of high motor insurance premiums, and this is the unwillingness of the average insurance company to turn down a proposal. Recently the chairman of the Accident Offices Association stated that very few insurance proposals are ever declined—and in this fact he seemed to see some cause for gratification. I dissent emphatically from his view. If more difficulties were put in the way of bad risks it would be to everyone's advantage. The roads would be safer for *all* road-users and insurance premiums would go down instead of going up.

From all this, it really would seem that it is up to the insurance companies themselves to improve insurance conditions. I cannot believe that, if they embarked upon concerted action, they could not virtually stamp out the touting solicitor, and I am equally sure that by co-operating over the refusal of cover for bad risks they could help themselves and us.

As those of you who read my notes on the Nuffield Trophy race will know, I yield to no man in my sincere admiration of Their Royal Highnesses the Princes Chula and Birabongse of Thai. The quiet efficiency of the former and the brilliant driving of the latter are an example to all who race motor-cars. Nevertheless, I think they were wrong to be so manifestly angry over the finish of the final heat of the Crystal Palace Cup race.

(Concluded on page vii)

"The influence of Ethyl has assisted towards improving the breed of British Small Cars."

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THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* iv)

What are the facts? Hadley on the diminutive Austin received a start of 112 seconds from the larger cars, and it was obvious to all of us that the back-markers would have a tough job to catch him. In addition to this, a great scrap was expected between "Bira" and Raymond Mays.

When the big cars got going, Mays shot off and established a slight lead over Abercassis and "Bira," and on their second lap, "Bira" passed Abercassis and proceeded to chase Mays well and truly. It was only on the final lap that Mays caught and passed Hadley, while "Bira," lying some way behind, looked as though he would have to be content with third place. As the Austin and the blue-and-yellow E.R.A. swooped down from Stadium Dip to Stadium Curve, however, with about a hundred yards to go to the finishing-line, "Bira" made a supreme effort and all but drew level with Hadley. The former hugged the inside of the curve—the course usually taken by "Bira"—whereupon "Bira" drew out wide to pass on the outside. So fast was Hadley going, however, that the impetus caused the Austin to drift out wide, with the result that Hadley just flashed across the line one-fifth of a second ahead of "Bira." Apparently "Bira" felt that Hadley should have drawn over to give him a chance to pass, as his was the faster car.

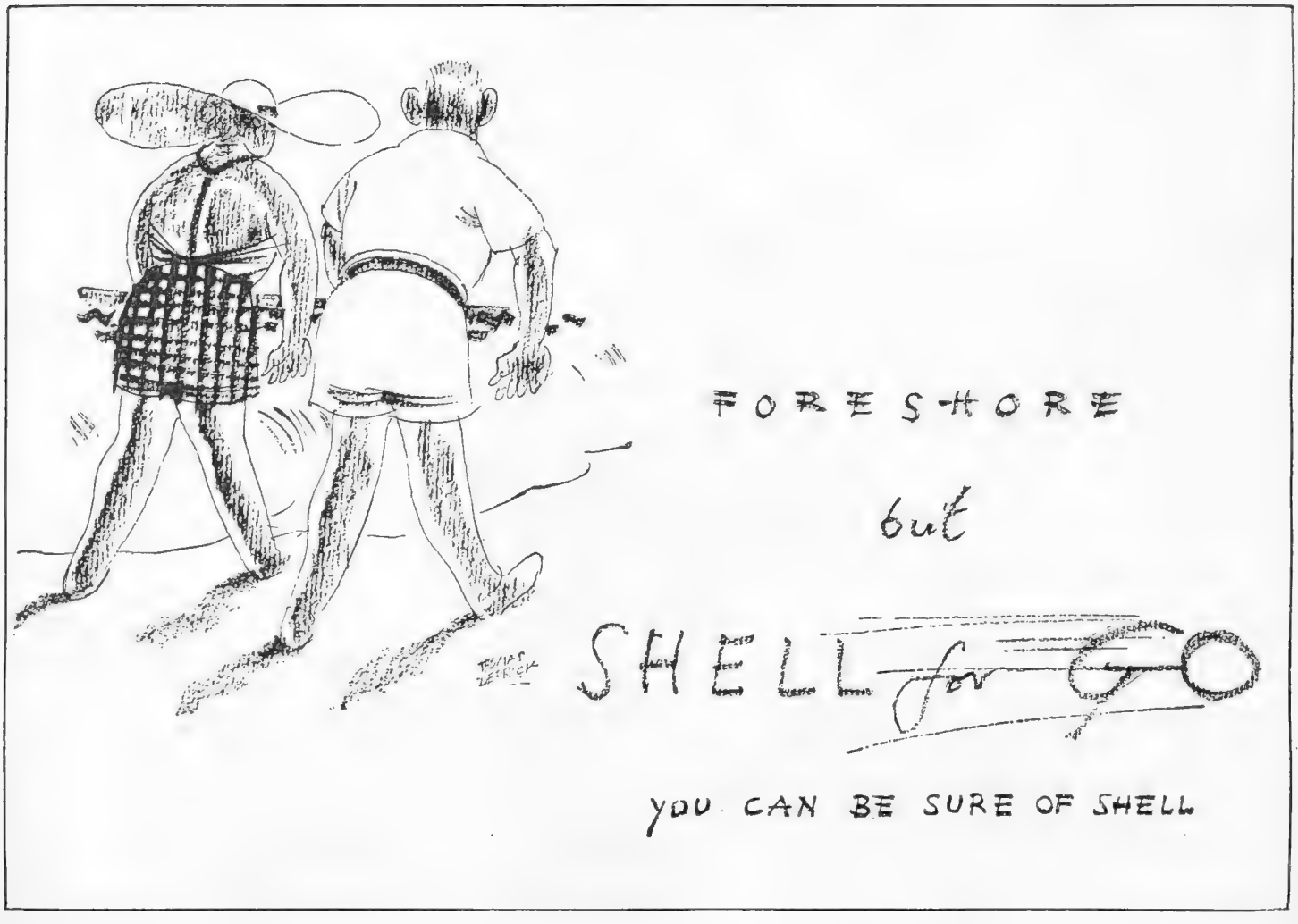
Now I have always understood that, in motor-racing, a corner or curve "belongs to" the first man onto it, and he is at liberty to negotiate it in any manner he pleases, consistent with safe driving. By this standard, Hadley certainly was entitled to take the course he did.

But look at it another way. Surely the whole spirit of motor-racing is to cross the line ahead of your rivals. If this be so, it can hardly be thought reasonable to expect your fellow-driver to throw away his chances in a Quixotic attempt to help you to beat him? After all, Mays had passed Hadley earlier on the same lap, and if "Bira's" car had been as fast as that of Mays', he could have passed him at the same time. The fact that his car was slower than that of the winner resulted in him coming up behind Hadley at a point where he was at a disadvantage for passing. And that, I think, is the crux of the matter.

"A great scrap was expected between 'Bira' and Raymond Mays," says Mr. Hess. Here is the "scrap" in progress, Mays leading "Bira," in his blue-and-yellow 1½-litre E.R.A., round a Crystal Palace corner. "Bira" came in third, H. L. Hadley was second

A CORRECTION.

Under the picture of Miss Rosemary Barbara Mills, on page B, June 28, the caption should have read: Her fiancé is Ian Winterbottom, elder son of the late G. A. Winterbottom, of Horton House, Northants, and Mrs. Georgina Winterbottom, of 7, Hanover Terrace, N.W.1.



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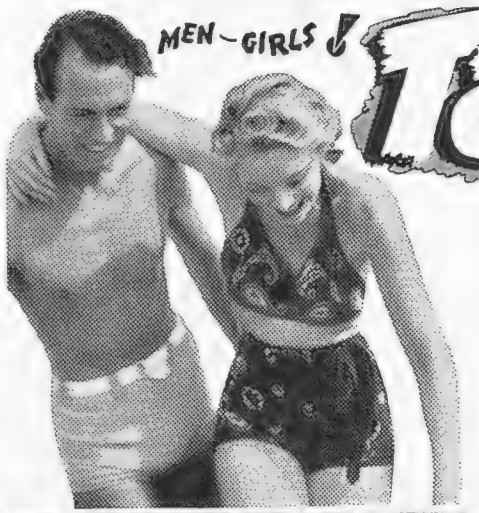

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WALLACE HEATON New Bond St.
AND BRANCHES

Ah, the University!

(*Continued from page 65*)

The son went back to the card-table and explained to his opponents, begging them to postpone matters till his father could arrive. The opponents, smiling at their cards, were only too willing to oblige him. "Bring in your whole bloody family," said one. "I only wish," said the other, "you were related to the Morgans."

"When this hand is finished," said the youngster, with the greatest sang froid, "the Morgans will be wishing they were related to me."

On this, the cards were placed in envelopes: these envelopes were signed, sealed, and handed, with much solemn jiggery-pokery, to the manager of the hotel, who placed them in his safe, where they were to await the resumption of the game. The players, strutting about with pursed lips, were admired by all, and nobody could get a single word out of any of them.

At last, the time being near at hand, the table was set out again, the envelopes extracted from the safe: it was all timed for the old man's arrival by 'plane at Le Bourget. He hustled in on the very tick, rubbing his hands, smiling, affable, and the light glinting merrily upon his horn-rimmed spectacles.

He shook hands with the other players, and noted their prosperous appearances. "So you are having a little game with my boy?" said he. "Nothing is pleasanter than a quiet game of cards; no place more delightful than Paris. If this young rascal had had his way he would be studying French at the University. No school of life like poker; no school of French like Paris."

"I have only been here two nights," said the son.

"Never mind," cried the old man, "you will be quite a Boulevardier. George Moore became one: he knew not a word of French when he arrived in Paris. He also was never at the University."

By this time the opponents were coughing a little. "Now what have we here?" said the old man, sliding into his son's seat and fishing out his money. "Here is an envelope. In it I find certain cards."

"The bet," said one of the opponents, "stands at fifty thousand dollars. Seen by me. It 's for you to see or raise."

"Or run," said the other.

"I trust my son's judgment," said the old man, angling for another raise. "I shall double before I even glance at these cards in my hand." With that he pushed forward a hundred thousand dollars of his own money.

"I double that," said the first of his opponents.

"I 'll stay and see," said the other.

The old boy now looked carefully at his cards. His face turned several colours in rapid succession. A low and quavering groan burst from his lips, compelling the interest and pity of the bystanders. He was seen to hesitate for a very long time, showing all the signs of an appalling inward struggle. At last he summoned up his courage, and pushing his last hundred thousand forward (which represented all the cigars, champagne, and other little pleasures he had to look forward to), he licked his lips several times and muttered "I 'll see you."

"Four kings," said the first, laying down his hand.

"Hell!" said the second. "Four queens."

"And I," moaned the old man, "have four knaves." With that he turned about and seized his son by the lapels of his jacket, shaking him as a terrier does a rat. "Curse the day," said he, "that I became the father of a damned fool!"

"I swear," cried the young man, "I thought they were kings!"

"Don't you know," cried his father, "that the 'V' is for 'Valets'?"

"Good God!" cried his son. "I thought the 'V' was something to do with French kings. You know—Charles V . . . and all those Louis had V's in them. Oh, what a pity I was never at the University!"

"Go!" said the old man. "Go there, or go to hell, or wherever you wish! Never let me see or hear from you again!"

On this he stamped out of the room before his son or anyone else could say a word, even to tell him it was a high-low stud they were playing, and that the four knaves had won half the pot. The young man, pocketing the winnings, mused that ignorance of every sort is deplorable, and bidding his companions farewell, he left Paris without further delay, and very soon he was entered at the University.

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

June Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. McCarthy	Stoke Poges	81	14	67	76	9 below
Miss Greenwood	Windermere	70	11	59	67	8 ,,
Miss Currie	N. Worcestershire	79	15	64	72	8 ,,
Miss Fergus	Baberton	84	18	66	74	8 ,,
Miss Oakey	Nuneaton	78	15	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. Taylor	West End (Halifax)	81	17	64	71	7 ,,
Mrs. Gillard	West Kent	87	18	69	76	7 ,,
Dr. M. Belton	Wanstead	86	18	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Hearsey	Cavendish	83	18	65	72	7 ,,
Miss R. Powell	Cooden Beach	73	3	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. Searle	Sale	80	13	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. Finch	Ormskirk	82	14	68	74	6 ,,
Miss Gilbert	Ladbrook Park	81	14	67	73	6 ,,
Miss B. Stone	Croham Hurst	81	15	66	72	6 ,,
Mrs. Conway	Eaton	88	18	70	76	6 ,,
Miss M. P. Smith	Exmouth	76	10	66	71	5 ,,
Miss B. Johnson	Cooden Beach	83	12	71	76	5 ,,
Miss L. Hughes	Piltdown	85	17	68	73	5 ,,
Miss Gibbs	Rugby	84	17	67	72	5 ,,
Mrs. W. Messer	W. Bradford	83	17	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. Plasford	Thonock	73	5	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Martin	Addington Palace	79	9	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Johnson	Beverley	81	12	69	73	4 ,,
Miss Collis	Exeter	84	14	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Thomson	Glamorganshire	85	16	69	73	4 below
Miss V. Clark	Lundin	82	16	66	70	4 ,,
Mrs. Carrick	W. Kilbride	90	17	73	77	4 ,,
Miss Forster	Cleveland	87	17	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. A. E. Smith	Leamington	85	17	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. G. M. Davies	Ashburnham	88	18	70	74	4 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Pelham	Kidderminster	95	36	59	74	15 below
Miss M. Wailes	R. Blackheath	94	34	60	73	13 ,,
Miss Brosnan	Wanstead	91	29	62	74	12 ,,
Miss Wadsworth	Lancaster	98	36	62	74	12 ,,
Miss Pigott	Sherwood Forest	98	36	62	74	12 ,,
Miss Williamson	Murrayfield	97	36	61	73	12 ,,
Miss Willetts	Sutton Coldfield	93	29	64	75	11 ,,
Miss Haynes	Withington	91	29	62	73	11 ,,
Mrs. N. Turner	Coombe Wood	90	31	59	70	11 ,,
Mrs. R. M. Carr	Brancepeth Castle	103	36	67	78	11 ,,
Mrs. Ewing	Wigan	99	36	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs Hibbert	Bulwell Hall	95	36	59	70	11 ,,
Miss Fitzgerald	Longniddry	92	25	67	77	10 ,,
Miss R. Hume	Richmond Park	88	26	62	72	10 ,,
Miss Riley	Worsley	93	30	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. W. H. Jory	Ashburnham	95	31	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. Reavley	Moor Hall	99	33	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. Lockley	Rangoon	97	33	64	74	10 ,,
Miss C. Casey	Richmond Park	96	34	62	72	10 ,,
Mrs. Strefford	Chilwell Manor	99	36	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. Scorer	West Herts.	83	19	64	73	9 ,,
Miss J. Urie	Turnberry	96	27	69	78	9 ,,
Mrs. Gunstone	Keppel (Singapore)	93	32	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. Spikins	Morden Park	97	33	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. Hardy	Gosforth Park	103	36	67	76	9 ,,
Miss F. M. Wright	N. Worcestershire	99	36	63	72	9 ,,
Miss Tipping	Elsham	99	36	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. Broadbridge	Gatley	97	36	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. Meads	Alderley Edge	89	25	64	72	8 ,,
Miss Waghorn	R. Blackheath	93	28	65	73	8 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Sec of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-24, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

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N.CC.441

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Joan Mary Webster

Is engaged to Eric O. Faulkner, only son of Sir Alfred and Lady Faulkner, of Grove House, Biddenham, Beds. She is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. A. M. Webster, of Park House, Bradwell, Essex

Fayer

Beatrice Spencer-Smith

Is the only daughter of the late Michael Spencer-Smith, and Mrs. Elliot Butler, of Norman House, Stansted, Essex. She is being married in October to Richard Graham, eldest son of Sir Guy Graham, Bt., and Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Melmerby, Yorks.

Cannons of Hollywood

Pamela Violet Stirling

Will be married, in September, at Dunblane Cathedral, to Charles Frederick Cathcart, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cathcart, of Drumgrange, Ardendee, Kirkcudbright. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Douglas Stirling, of Kippenross, Dunblane, Perthshire

Dorothy Wilding

Joan Roberts

Is engaged to Lieut. G. W. Style, R.N., elder son of General and Mrs. Rodney Style, of Wurton Grange, Maidstone, Kent. She is the only daughter of Mrs. Alec T. Roberts, of Riverhall, Wadhurst, Sussex

Lenare

Lesley Turner

Is engaged to Peter Murray Willis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Murray Willis, of Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove, Worcs. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Turner, of Sydney, Australia, and 60, Park Lane, W.1

Pearl Freeman

Cecilia Violet Maunsell

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. C. J. C. Maunsell, of Thorpe Malsor Hall, Kettering, Northants, and is engaged to David Richard W. R. Watts-Russell, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Capt. A. E. Watts-Russell and Mrs. Watts-Russell, of Biggin Hall, Benefield, Northants.

Stuart Hamilton

Nancy Stuart

Is engaged to Frank Pennink, the well-known amateur golfer and son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Pennink, of 11, Court Road, Tunbridge Wells. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Stuart, of Hartfield, Essex

Lenare

Molly Fitch

Is engaged to Gerald S. Gladstone, elder son of the late Captain S. P. Gladstone, of Graumont, Yorks., and Mrs. Hatton, of Whiteoakes, Camberley, Berks. Her parents are the Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Fitch, of Stiffkey, Norfolk

Fayer

Stella Joan Carpendale

Is the daughter of the late Major M. M. Carpendale, and Mrs. E. C. Brown, of 168a, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5. Her fiancé is Flt.-Lt. Howard Duncan Fraser, youngest son of Col. and Mrs. H. A. D. Fraser, of Ringwood, Hants.

Bassano

Lorraine Haskett-Smith

Is engaged to Capt. A. M. S. Babington 12th Frontier Force Regt., son of the late Major A. H. Babington, and Mrs. Babington, of the Corner Cottage, Camberley, Berks. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Haskett-Smith of Garden Lodge, Roehampton, S.W.

Lovett — Stigand

Capt. Nigel Lovett, Gloucestershire Regiment, son of the late Brig.-Gen. A. C. Lovett, and Mrs. Lovett, of Mill House, Kempsey, Worcs., and Florida Stigand, daughter of the late Major C. H. Stigand, and Mrs. Barrington Moore, of Stone Acre, Corfe, Somerset, were married at St. Nicholas's, Corfe

Denis Rose Price, son of Brig.Gen. and Mrs. T. Rose Price, of Madron House, Hythe, Kent, and Joan Schofield, of 39, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and are honeymooning in the South of France

Fayer

Price — Schofield

Joy Owen-Evans

engaged to Kenneth Peter ress, son of W. E. Allpress, of wers, Reigate, Surrey, and the Mrs. Allpress. She is the only ghter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Owenins, of Uplands, Park Hill, W.5.

Aileen Allpress

Is engaged to Campbell Gordon, Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Campbell Gordon, and Mrs. Gordon, of 15, Princes Square, Hove. She is the daughter of W. E. Allpress, of Wolvers, Reigate, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Allpress

Read — Edwards

Raymond Wogdon Read, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor G. Read, of Pasadena, Sheldon Avenue, Highgate, and Madeline Joy Edwards, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Edwards, of 20, Rookfield Close, Muswell Hill, were married at St. Michael's, Highgate

Lenare

Jacqueline Cartier

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mme. Jacques Cartier, of Milton Heath, Dorking, Surrey. She is engaged to Sylvester Prime, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Prime, of New York, and Shelter Island

Kay Vaughan

Joan Madeline Bowring

Is the daughter of Eric Bowring, of Newfoundland, and Mrs. Bowring, of 65, South Edwardes Sq., W.8.; is engaged to Oliver Vaughan-Jackson. Owing to the photographer's error, this announcement was published on page N, June 21, under a picture of her younger sister

Howie — Buck

Flight.-Lieut. G. R. Howie, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Howie, of Beaconsfield, Bucks., and Miss F. D. Buck, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Buck, of Moulton, Spalding, Lincs., were married at Moulton

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 12—July 18

First Night and Matinée days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—Serious study of the clash of bright middle-age and serious youth gives Robert Harris, Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth their chances for sometimes comic, mostly tragic, studies: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, Hugh Williams does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook; cheap seats: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—This American play (by Irwin Shaw) is set mostly off Coney Island; Abraham Sofaer, Ernest Jay, Gina Malo play lead: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JUGGERNAUT.—Setting—Vienna; time—1913-1933; protagonists—Austrians and Jews. The picture is vivid without being partial or prejudiced. Cast headed by Marjorie Mars, Leo Genn, Harold Warrender: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Robert Atkins' lovely production has Leslie French as Puck, Romney Brent as Bottom, Robert Eddison as Oberon: Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, moving picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—This delicious Irish comedy revived, with Zena Dare, Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Sinclair in their original parts; short season; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 122.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

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CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer, the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music: Curzon.

CAPTAIN FURY (American).—Tough stuff about sheep-raising and convict labour in Australia in the 'forties, with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen: London Pavilion.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life: trade, feuds cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (American).—Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: Gaumont.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (American).—Dorothy Lamour leaves the jungle for the boulevards, to meet Jack Benny and Edward Arnold in a comedy: Carlton.

MAN OF CONQUEST (American).—Richard Dix as General Sam Houston in this vast spectacle of pioneering days, Gail Patrick as the woman who inspired him: Regal.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name-part: Academy.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller about spies and aeroplane-stealers; cast headed by Laurence Olivier Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson: Odeon.

SERENADE (American).—A new Jeannette Macdonald musical, with Lew Ayres and Ian Hunter as her masculine background: Empire (from 14th).

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

THE SUN NEVER SETS (American).—Gold Coast empire-builders in difficulties, political and emotional—Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Virginia Field: Leicester Square.

UNDERCOVER DOCTOR (American).—Medical drama centred on Lloyd Nolan: Plaza.

OPERA and BALLET

RUSSIAN BALLET, COVENT GARDEN:

CARNAVAL, PAGANINI, CONCURRENCE: To-day, 12th, 2.30.

SYLPHIDES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, PROTÉE, PRINCE IGOR: To-day, 12th, 8.45.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, PAGANINI, COQ D'OR: Thurs., 13th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, AURORA'S WEDDING: Fri., 14th, 8.45.

SYLPHIDES, GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, CENDRILLON: Sat., 15th, 2.30.

LAC DES CYGNES, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, PRINCE IGOR: Sat., 15th, 8.45.

For Monday's and Tuesday's programmes see dailies.

BALLET RAMBERT AT THE MERCURY:

LADY INTO FOX and PARIS SOIR are the two new ballets in the repertoire: 8.30.

OPERA AT GLYNDEBOURNE (last performances):

DON PASQUALE: To-night, 12th, 6.45.
MACBETH: Thurs., 13th, 6.45.
DON GIOVANNI: Fri., 14th, 6.45.
COSI FAN TUTTE: Sat., 15th, 6.15.

D'OYLY-CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS (last performances):

PRINCESS IDA: To-night, 12th, 8.
GONDOLIERS: Thurs., 13th, 8.
H.M.S. PINAFORE: Fri., 14th, 8.
THE MIKADO: Sat., 15th, 2.30 and 8.

SPORT

ATHLETICS.—Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale: White City, Sat., 15th.

CRICKET.—Eton v. Harrow: Lord's, Fri., 14th, Sat., 15th.

SHOOTING.—Imperial Meeting, Bisley, to Sat., 15th.

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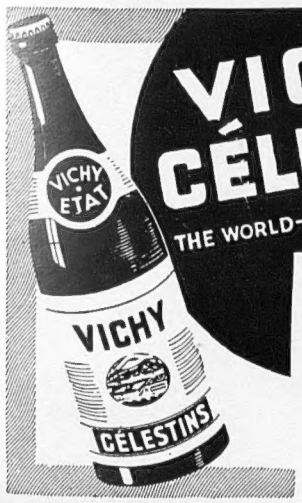

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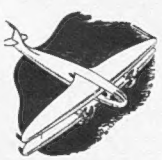

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